The Outlook

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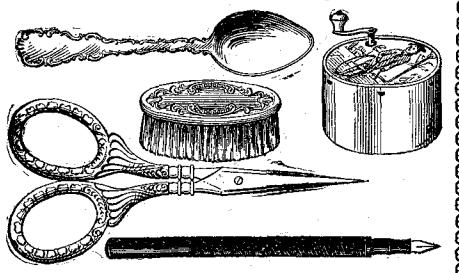

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The Outlook

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THE Philadelphia gas lease ordinance has been passed by both Councils and signed by the Mayor, but under circumstances which—if the daily press of the country will publish the facts—will greatly strengthen the demand for public ownership and operation of municipal franchises. As to public ownership there is no question. In fact, the powerful United Gas Improvement Company, which obtains the new lease, only obtained it by pointing out and reiterating that "the city retains ownership of its gas plant" and "has the option of canceling the lease at the end of ten years." The cost of the gas plant, including nearly $4,000,000 worth of extensions made during the past decade, was barely $10,000,000. For the lease of this property the United Gas Improvement Company offers (1) to continue the system of free gas for public buildings and street-lamps—equivalent to about $600.000 a year; (2) to make improvements and extensions worth $500,000 a year; (3) to pay the city, on a basis of the present price of gas, an average of over $1,200,000 a year out of the profits, and at the end of the thirty years to return to the city the whole plant, modernized, extended, and free from debt. In other words, for a property which cost the city but $10,000,000, the company claims to be offering $2,300,000 a year rental. As this rental is 5 per cent. upon $46,000,000, the advocates of the public ownership of franchises could afford to accept the company's figures in order to show the great public enrichment which their policy has brought. As a matter of fact, however, this offer is illusory at one point—and this is the point insisted upon by the opponents of the lease who advocate public operation as well as public ownership of the franchise. The offer of a share of the profits is—like the recent Illinois street railway legislation—based upon maintaining present prices for thirty years. Thirty years ago the price of gas in Philadelphia was $3 a thousand; and thirty years hence it should be reduced, under municipal operation, to less than fifty cents. During recent years the process of cheapening gas has been most rapid. Ten years ago Philadelphia was charging $1.70, now it is charging $1; ten years ago Wheeling was charging $1.08, now it is charging 75 cents; ten years ago Glasgow was charging $1, now it is charging 54 cents. Within ten years even the present price of gas in Philadelphia may be double a reasonable charge, and only the city's right to cancel the contract at the end of this period furnishes any hope of relief from intolerable oppression.

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It is not, however, these facts connected with the Philadelphia lease which would do most—if widely published—to strengthen the growing demand for the public ownership and operation of gas-works. That which has done most to stir the thought and conscience of Philadelphia upon this matter has been the methods employed by the United Gas Improvement Company to secure the lease. This company—which operates street railway franchises in about thirty American cities—obtained its foothold in Philadelphia several years ago by offering to supply a certain amount of water-gas for the public mains at a low figure. The quantity supplied has each year been increased, and the head of the public gas bureau has found it each year more difficult to obtain from the Councils the appropriations requisite for his department. Though this department made a great deal of money for the city, the Councils, extravagant in every other direction, refused to make any appropriation to modernize the manufacturing plant or reduce the inordinate leakage (which was nearly double that of other publicly owned plants). Not only did the advocates of municipal ownership suspect corruption, but Professor Bemis called attention to the editorial intimation of

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a leading gas journal, devoted to private ownership, that the unwillingness of the Councilmen to improve the city plant was due to their desire to make money for themselves through wrecking it and selling to a private company. This suspicion developed into a belief when the United Gas Improvement Company made its present offer; and the belief in its turn developed into a feeling of certainty when the Councilmen who favored a lease would consider only the United Gas Improvement Company's bid, though the equally responsible Bay State Gas Company offered the city better terms by $19,000,000. Though the daily newspapers of the city, with a single exception, had given their support to the lease before it was made public, yet the municipal reformers, under the leadership of Wayne MacVeagh, Finley Acker, Herbert Welsh, and others, made a campaign against it which seemed to have the great body of the city back of it when the ordinance was finally passed. During the last meetings of both the Councils the speeches were all against accepting the worst bid offered to turn the city over to the mercies of a private monopoly. Those who favored the lease did not meet the criticism, but silently voted against every amendment in the city's favor.

❀

So shameless was their haste to carry out the Company's wishes that even the "Ledger," which favored the lease, was forced to admit that the Councils were "creating and fostering the suspicion in the public mind that a majority of its members can be influenced by motives which will not admit of convincing explanation, and which cannot be effectively defended." The Democratic platform had condemned the lease, yet in one Council a Democratic machine politician was the leader of the Councilmen who voted for the ordinance. Allegiance to party counted as little as allegiance to constituents. When the vote came in the Common Council, it was 78 to 52 in favor of the lease, and when it came in the 'Select" Council, it was 25 to 13. The Mayor, as was anticipated by the reformers, signed the lease, pleading the unwillingness of the Councils to improve the city's plant as a reason for aiding the Councils in handing the plant over to the private company to which they were so inexplicably friendly. He further declared that he would not sign the lease were it not for the provision that at the end of ten years the city might cancel it. This provision at first seemed practically worthless, since a city government weak enough to surrender possession of the works would not be likely in ten years to become strong enough to expel the great private corporation from possession. Nevertheless, the events of the last few weeks have produced a profound public conviction that the prime source of municipal corruption is the possession of public franchises by private corporations, and in ten years this conviction may be too strong for public officials to resist.

❀

The Federal Supreme Court last week handed down another decision limiting the effectiveness of the Inter-State Commerce Law. The case before the Court arose from an order issued by the Inter-State Commerce Commission against certain Alabama railroads alleged to be violating the "long and short haul clause" of the act. This clause, it will be recalled, forbade the roads to charge more for a short haul than for a long one, where the circumstances were similar. It was intended to keep the roads from charging more for shipping freight from a railway center to a small town, say fifty miles away, than for shipping it from the first center through the small town to another center one hundred miles away. When the Inter-State Commerce Act was being debated, its opponents misrepresented this clause by declaring that it aimed to make the freight-rate for fifty miles just one-half the rate for one hundred miles. Ever since the act was passed, however, these opponents have been claiming that the roads have still a right to charge absolutely more for fifty miles than for one hundred miles, under all sorts of circumstances. In the case which reached the Supreme Court last week the merchants of the little town of Troy alleged that they had to pay more for freight hauled a short distance than their competitors in neighboring railway centers paid for hauling freight a longer distance. The Commission sustained their claim and ordered the roads to change their rates. The Supreme Court, however—Justice Harlan alone dissenting—held that the road in fixing rates had a right to take into account railroad and water competition, and to charge more for short hauls to points not possessing these advantages. It also holds that the roads may make a larger charge for a short haul without in the first instance

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appealing to the Commission. Justice Harlan, in announcing his dissent from the conclusions of his colleagues, said, very forcibly, that, taken in connection with former decisions, this decision went far toward defeating the objects aimed at in the passage of the law. It not only minimized the power of the Commissioners beyond the intention of Congress, but it put it in the power of railroad companies, by permitting them to determine for themselves the quality of competition, to destroy the business of dealers at intermediate points. To those who advocated the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Law the decision is of course a serious disappointment.

❀

A large part of Postmaster-General Gary's first annual report is devoted to postal savings-banks, the establishment of which he strongly recommends. He calls attention to the fact that in 1895 the Post-Office Department in France handled 2,500,000 accounts at a slight profit after paying 3 per cent. interest, while the English Department handled 6,500,000 accounts at a slight profit after paying 2½ per cent. interest. In our own country, he points out, relatively few of the people outside of the New England and Middle States have access to private savings-banks, while every one is within relatively easy reach of a post-office. The remarkable growth of our postal money-order system (there were over 52,000,000 transactions, aggregating $200,000,000, last year) indicates the ease with which the post-offices could be adapted to this new work. Of the importance of the work the Postmaster-General speaks at much length. The arguments have so often been presented in these columns that it is hardly necessary to recapitulate them. Postal banks supply a public need, they promote thrift, and they promote good citizenship. All of these ends they can secure better than private savings-banks. They supply a wider public need by reaching a far wider public; they better promote thrift by making depositors far more sure that they can get their money back whenever it is wanted; and they better promote good citizenship by making a large class of citizens more directly interested in the good conduct of the Government. It is certainly to be hoped that this conservative reform measure will be urged upon Congressmen by all who desire a wider distribution of private property and a wider distribution of public spirit. The other important recommendation contained in the Postmaster-General's report is the passage of a bill similar to the Loud Bill of last year, reducing the amount of second-class (newspaper) mail matter. He states that this service costs the Government for transportation alone $26,000,000, while the receipts from it—as county papers within the county are not even charged the customary one cent a pound—are only $3,000,000. The deficit at this point was thus $23,000,000; and while the other departments of the postal service brought a surplus of half that amount, there remains $11,500,000 to be paid for out of taxes. That this deficit must not continue all are agreed; but many public-spirited citizens will regret that the Postmaster-General did not consider the reduction of transportation charges instead of the reduction of the second-class mail service. According to Mr. James L. Cowles's widely published articles, the railroads are charging the Government seven cents a pound, while they are charging the express companies but one cent a pound for the same amount of service. These statements should be investigated, and the reduction of transportation charges be at least discussed.

❀

The visit to Washington of the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, accompanied by several Dominion officials and specialists, can hardly be expected to produce immediate action of importance with regard to the trade relations of Canada and the United States. It is reasonable, however, to hope that it will set in motion a concerted effort to reach fair standing-ground upon which some mutual concession may bring about lasting mutual advantage. Already it is reported that special conferences have been arranged on the reciprocity question between Sir Wilfrid and Mr. John W. Kasson, the latter representing the President by recent special appointment. Closer commercial relations are avowedly desired on both sides, but there is in the way the fundamental difficulty which must always hamper the union of a high protective policy with reciprocity—namely, the essential incongruity of the two things. Thus, our Agricultural Department has already put itself on record as bitterly opposed to any reduction of duties on Canadian hay or barley, and is reported to suggest fish and coal as good subjects for reciprocity; if the matter gets into Congress, it is safe to say that the coal

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interests here would think that product the last thing to be a subject of tax-reduction; and so it will be all along the list. Friendly relations in general between the two countries are desired by every one, and freer trade relations will and should come in time, but great advance in this direction is not to be hoped for from the Congress that passed the Dingley Law. Other subjects than reciprocity that are now under discussion are the fisheries question, immigration, railway bonding privileges, and the restrictions on miners in the Klondike region. In these and other matters it is eminently practical that a friendly understanding should be reached. Meanwhile the sessions of the conference of experts on the sealing question are proceeding, and the representatives of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States have presented widely differing opinions about the present condition of the seal herd.

❀

The situation in Austria is as confused as ever, and no solution is yet within sight. If it were not for the personal character and influence of the Emperor, the situation would probably be insoluble except by war. The difficulty lies, of course, in the almost passionate animosity which has been developed by the anti-Semite agitation—an agitation which has influenced popular feeling to an almost unprecedented degree. The immediate occasion of the present outbreak is, not the renewal of the agreement between the two Empires, but the concession of the use of the Bohemian language in Bohemia for official purposes and in the schools. The two kingdoms of Austria and Hungary are, for the purposes of local administration, autonomous. The Emperor is King of Hungary as well as the ruler of Austria. Each country has its Parliament, and the two Parliaments are linked together in all matters relating to foreign affairs by a third body made up of representatives of both countries, and known as the Delegates. Hungary has made great progress under this system and has become attached to it, but in Austria the antagonism of races and parties, the hatred of the German for the Slav, of the Clerical for the Liberal, of the anti-Semite and the Socialist, have developed a condition of things in which government in co-operation with Parliament has become almost impossible; and some of the German groups have taken advantage of the necessity of securing a renewal in some way of the agreement between the Empires for the purpose of forcing the hand of the Government. They are threatening to break up the Empire unless they are allowed to have their own way, which means to secure their ascendency as a governing class.

❀

The Germans and the Social Democrats are taking a moderate course and doing all they can to moderate the passion of the hour, the Social Democrats, especially, showing a patriotism and self-restraint with which they have not been credited. On the renewal of the arrangement between the two kingdoms depends the existence of the foreign department and diplomatic service as at present organized, the finances of the Empire, and its joint army. It will be seen, therefore, that the riotous element in the Reichsrath has a terrible weapon in its hand. It is likely to be defeated, however, not only by the action of the Emperor if things come to a crisis, but by the moderation and patience of Hungary, the Government of which, as was pointed out in these columns two weeks since, has decided to pass a bill continuing the joint arrangement for another year if the Austrian Reichsrath refuses to act. Baron Banffy, the Hungarian Premier, has declared in the Hungarian Parliament that Hungary would not accept any prolongation of the arrangement by an Imperial decree; which would seem to put an end to the expectation that the Emperor might interfere by dissolving the Reichsrath and suspending the Constitution. The attitude of Hungary is likely to bring the furious partisans in the Reichsrath to their senses.

❀

A penetrating side-light is thrown upon the Cuban situation by the Blue Book just issued by the Royal Commission on the Condition of the British West Indies. The economic condition of Cuba differs from that of the British colonies only in that Cuba is exceptionally dependent on the sugar industry, whose depression is the cause of the general impoverishment and not infrequent desolation in the West Indies. Impoverishment and desolation are strong words, but the report of the Royal Commissioners, as summarized in the "National Review" for November, does not permit the employment of milder ones. In most of the British possessions, say the Com-

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missioners, sugar-cane products constitute seventy-five per cent. of the total exports, and the ability of the population to purchase what they do not produce depends upon their being able to find a profitable foreign market for what they do produce. During the present generation this profitable foreign market has been taken away. Other agricultural industries, as every one knows, have suffered fearfully, but the sugar industry has suffered more than any of the rest. In fifteen years the price of unrefined sugar has been reduced from $5 a hundredweight to $2.50. The distress occasioned among the producers is not attributed to want of skill or enterprise. The primary cause is found in the sugar bounties given by Germany, Austria, and France, and—to a much less extent—to the Government aid given to the sugar industry in the United States by the tariff system. In most of the great agricultural industries the increase in the world's production during the last fifteen years has hardly kept pace with the increase in population, but in the sugar industry the increase has been from four to seven and a half million tons. The Commissioners recognize that the Government-aided competition which has ruined the producers in the West Indies has cheapened sugar to the consumers in the British Isles, and two of them on that account refuse to recommend effective interference on the part of the British Government. The Chairman of the Commission, however, urges that the British Government shall place a duty upon sugar imports from other countries equal to the bounty those countries give. This would either force those countries to abandon their bounty system, or else would compel British consumers to pay a normal price for sugar produced in the colonies. Nominally this proposition is a deviation from the free-trade principle, but really it is an attempt to establish for all industries the "fair field and no favor" which is the fundamental aim of free-traders. The bounty system does violence to the principles of free trade, and the British consumers ought not to wish to profit by the distress of the colonial producers occasioned thereby.

❀

Crete has a Governor-General selected by the six Great Powers. He is a Colonel Schaeffer, born in Luxembourg, with a large experience in the East in the way of organizing and equipping troops for fighting the slave trade in Egypt. He speaks Greek and Turkish, and his wife is an Armenian of rank. It will be seen, therefore, that he has many of the polyglot qualifications which the Governor of Crete ought to possess. He is in his early prime, as he ought to be, for no man ever faced a more difficult situation. To rule Crete justly, to please the Sultan, to make himself acceptable to the Greeks, and to keep in touch and harmony with the Powers, involves tact beyond the measure in which most men possess that rare quality. The Sultan must acquiesce in his appointment, and put in his hands some sort of commission. That appointment must be in some fashion ratified by the Cretan Assembly. A considerable sum of money must be raised; the "Spectator" estimates that at least a million dollars must in some way be secured before any adequate revenue will begin to come in. And, above all and most difficult of all, the new Governor's relation to the Sultan and the Great Powers must be defined, in order that he may have a definite sphere of action and know to whom he is to be responsible. If the Turkish troops are to be withdrawn, genuine autonomy established, local administration put on a sound basis, and the finances of the island reorganized, there is some hope that the difficulties of the situation may be cleared up within a reasonable time; but he must be a very sanguine person who looks for such a result as this, in view of the history of the last two years.

❀

The fine group of buildings in which the New York University has housed itself on University Heights is visible evidence of the new era of prosperity which has come to that institution. The University is now sixty years old. It has added to its successful schools of medicine and law a graduate school which is offering exceptional opportunities along certain lines of study, and a school of pedagogy, and in the near future it is proposed to add a school of pure and applied science. It has kept pace with the general educational advance; the course for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, for instance, having been extended from two to four years. It has on its rolls 1,313 students; it holds property in excess of a million dollars; and it has endowment funds which approach a million and a half of dollars. In the last decade its financial resources have been quadrupled. Dr. McCracken, who has just made his Chancellor's report, has good ground, there-

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fore, for commenting on the prosperity of the University, and for the anticipation that a great career as an institution of the higher class is just opening before it.

❀

The Advisory Committee on Small Parks in New York, appointed by Mayor Strong last June, has handed in its report. Two of the members of the Committee were the President of the Health Board and the President of the Park Board. The Committee makes the statement that "the improvements in the neighborhood of the new small parks are convincing evidences of not only the sanitary but the moral value of these places of recreation for the people." The law of 1887, known as the Park Act, which authorized the expenditure of a million dollars a year for the creation of small parks, the Committee believes, should be amended in order that all doubts of the park authorities on the question of the right of creating playgrounds in a part of all the parks may be dispelled. The Committee advises that small parks and playgrounds for children be opened at the earliest possible date, and recommends twelve sites. It also recommends that Colonel Waring's suggestion of a playground in the push-cart market, in the center of the Jewish quarter of the city, be carried out, through the necessary legislation, at the earliest possible date; that all schools hereafter to be built be provided with playgrounds out-of-doors; and that, whether these playgrounds are on the roof or on the ground, they be thrown open to the public out of school hours. The plan of using school-grounds during vacation and out of school hours is one that has been proved perfectly feasible in London. The question of supervision of playgrounds for children is a very serious one. All thinking people will acknowledge that where any effort is made to gather children together in any great number for recreative purposes, the environment should be protected in every possible way. Experiments have been made in several cities of turning the parks into playgrounds, and the positively good results have been recognized, while at the same time the observers have seen the necessity of protection from the worst elements that frequent all public parks in all large cities. How this supervision and protection shall be given is a mere matter of detail, and one that can be met as the problems of each new playground become evident. Certain it is that the children in the crowded tenement-house districts of New York are deprived of their just dues, and it is fully time that the better element of the community recommend such changes as will restore to these children the right of childhood—the right to play.

❀

The movement to establish open-air gymnasiums in New York has reached the point almost of a fact. The Committee has had the benefit of the experiments in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. The plan that meets the approval of the Committee for the first experiment involves the setting aside of a plot of ground in the East River Park of 150×200 feet. This, it is claimed, will allow ample room for play for five hundred children; the Committee believes that two men could supervise that number of children between the ages of six and fourteen years. It will cost $1,500, according to the accepted plans of the Committee, to equip this plot of ground with the necessary gymnasium apparatus—ladders, parallel and horizontal bars, vaulting horses; a space for concentrated games will be left. Educators have learned the value of play in the development of children, and it is natural that the citizens at large should have benefited by this knowledge, and are now endeavoring to place within the reach of all children opportunities for legitimate and recreative activities. New York is behind several of the larger cities of the Union in this matter of playgrounds for children.

❀

Smith College is the latest victim of the ambitious reporter and the incautious editor. That institution has recently been described by several journals as given over to religious excitement of the most extreme type; nervous tension, hysteria, and abnormal conditions being evident to the most casual observer. It is needless to say that the College is pursuing the even tenor of its way, and that no one at Northampton has seen any traces of the agitation which has so deeply moved reporters and evoked from editors such wise advice with regard to the proper conduct of a college for women. Friends of the College, who know that its atmosphere is peculiarly wholesome and normal, will not be misled by these stories; but there are others who may be imposed upon by them. The religious life of the College was perhaps never

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more deep and genuine than at present, and the activities of organized religion among the students were never more vigorous and useful. These activities have taken a very practical and helpful form, and those who know the College well have rejoiced at the growing consciousness among the students that religion is most naturally translated into mutual helpfulness. It is a pity that an unusually sweet and normal religious life, free from all excesses of emotion or expression, should be so grossly misrepresented.

❀

The Westminster Confession

We publish in another column some account of the services held in New York City in celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith. We cannot regard this confession of faith from the point of view either of those who look upon it as a perversion of truth and an obstruction to human progress, or from that of those who regard it with reverence as the supreme and final utterance of the Christian Church respecting the verities of Christian doctrine. Neither is or can be the point of view of one who believes in human progress, believes that every stage in human history is an improvement on what has preceded, and is a preparation for greater improvements which are to follow.

We can understand the state of mind of one who regards Christian revelation as a finished product given complete from the hand of God to man. We can also understand the state of mind of those who regard Christian revelation as progressive; as, to use Christ's own simile, a seed planted in the soil and germinating and growing to maturity. But we confess ourselves unable to understand the state of mind of those who attempt to combine these two contradictory views; who regard, or appear to regard, the Christianity of the New Testament as a seed which did once germinate and grow, but which came to its consummation in either the Nicene Creed in the fourth century or in the Westminster Confession of Faith in the seventeenth, and can grow no more thereafter. Those who regard Christian revelation as a completed product ought to go back to find in the Sermon on the Mount the perfect Christian creed; those who regard Christianity as a seed ought to regard every creed valuable, not as a final statement of truth, but as a historic witness to the measure of truth attained and the aspect of truth perceived in the age which has produced such creed. Either of these views is self-consistent. The view which regards theology as a growth for the first four centuries or the first sixteen, with no growth thereafter, is self-destructive because inherently inconsistent.

Looking upon theology as a growth, the Westminster Confession of Faith may well be regarded with reverence as an honest, courageous, and capable attempt to formulate the faith of the Church, and as a valuable record of the progress which had been made by the seventeenth century toward that larger view of God and his grace into which the Church has since grown. Its distinctive feature is its doctrine of election; and yet it would be a great mistake to think that the doctrine of election is peculiar to that form of Calvinism which finds expression in the Westminster Confession of Faith. Humanity has never been large enough to apprehend the greatness of God's love; its apprehension has gradually widened, though it has hardly yet attained to Faber's formulation of it,

> There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea.

The ancient Jew believed that God was good to the Jew and had elected Israel as His people; the pagan world was outside His mercies. The Roman Catholic Church extended its view of His mercies beyond race lines and included within His covenant all who were baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Hence the invention of infant baptism—for it undoubtedly was a post-Apostolic invention of the Church, partly for the purpose of making more apparent and more comprehensive the efficacy of God's forgiving love. The Calvinist widened the bounds of election still further. He also thought, as did the Jew and the Romanist, that God had chosen some for life, and was pleased either to pass by or directly ordain others to death; but he refused to limit God's chosen ones either to a particular race or to those who had received baptism. God chose whom he would choose and rejected whom he would reject. The choice depended on no conventional or race considerations, nor was there any way by which the Church could determine whom he had elected and whom

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he had passed by. Methodism still further widened the divine election. God chose, according to Methodism, all who chose God, all who by repentance and faith accepted Jesus Christ; all others were passed by and were outside the domain of his mercy.

These various forms of partialism we are rapidly outgrowing. We are coming to realize that God is the Father of whom every family in heaven and earth is named; that all men, without respect to race, baptism, arbitrary decree, or even moral character, are his children; that he does not merely love some men, or at some times, but that he is love; that love is as truly manifested in his punishments as in his forgiveness, in his justice as in his mercy, in his laws as in his gifts; that he is eternally love; that his loving-kindness and his tender mercies are over all his works and over all his children; that the divine sovereignty is the sovereignty of love, and that it is because he is love, not because he is wisdom or power, that he is to be worshiped. The Westminster Confession of Faith marks one great historic stage in the progress toward this larger faith, larger hope, and larger love. It is a valuable milestone on the journey. We best reverence those men who erected it, not by going back to build our habitation at this milestone and live there, but by going forward in the direction toward which it points us. The Westminster Confession of Faith becomes an obstruction to human progress when it is regarded as the termination of the intellectual journey. It is an inspiration to human progress when it is regarded as a stage in the intellectual journey. It is not a *terminus ad quem*, but a *terminus a quo;* a point from which, in the spirit of those who framed it, we are to go forward until we have banished all partialism from theology and recognize God as the universal Father and all men as his children, none of whom he passes by, and as our brethren, none of whom we are to pass by.

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The Latest Offense

The most repulsive story of sensuality and murder which has come to light in a long time in this part of the world has been seized upon during the past week by the sensational newspapers with a greedy satisfaction repulsive to all decent people. The New York "Journal" of last Thursday morning, for instance, devoted its entire first five pages to the telling of this horrible tale, with portraits of the persons connected with it in one way or another, with minute studies of the murderer's eyes and hands, and with a verbatim report of the testimony of the murderess. The two people concerned in this trial are of the lowest possible type, vulgar, brutal, uninteresting to the last degree; they are the sort of persons whom everybody would avoid in real life—the kind of people whom everybody would fear; but the sensational journals, of which the "Journal" is only a typical representative, have carried the story of the immoral relations of these people and their bloody and sickening crime into hundreds of thousands of homes. Wherever this story has been read it has blunted a little more those finer feelings and those higher susceptibilities which it is the chief function of the sensational newspaper to trample under foot. The importance which these newspapers attach to such offenders and their offenses, by surrendering such an immense amount of space to them, conveys the idea to boys and girls that there is a certain heroism about crime, and that there is something worth while in being a human butcher, since it gives one notoriety. The sensational press is probably to-day the worst enemy of the higher civilization in this country. It is doing more to degrade national character, to lower national taste, and to misrepresent the country in the eyes of the Old World than any other single agency. The time cannot be far distant when an organized effort will be made in some form against this brutalization of great masses of people by newspaper enterprises which are striving to make a profit out of the lowest instincts of the human race.

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The Princeton Inn

The Outlook, basing its judgment on information which it believes absolutely trustworthy, reaffirms its belief given in the issue for October 30 concerning the character of the Princeton Inn. It is a well-conducted inn, of a high class, having an excellent reputation. It has no bar, unless a sort of counter over which a mug of beer or something to eat may be handed to the waiter who is serving a guest at the table may be so entitled. The rules of the Inn do not allow distilled liquors to be sold to the students; nor even beer to be sold, except to upper-class men. That sometimes

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this rule may have been violated is probable; that a newspaper detective, bent on getting evidence to sustain sensational charges, may have contrived to have whisky served to him is quite possible; that guests can procure it in their rooms may be assumed; but the general rule is as we have stated. The house is an orderly and quiet one.

But the accuracy of this opinion is not the main question in the case, and from that main question The Outlook declines to be turned aside. Christian men, the sobriety of whose conduct and judgment is not to be doubted (certainly not on reports by anonymous writers in partisan newspapers), men who are living in Princeton and have opportunity of knowing the facts, and who are more interested in the moral welfare of the students than the great public outside, have deliberately adjudged that this Princeton Inn, as it is conducted, will be a help and not a hindrance to the moral well-being of the community; they have a right to exercise that judgment and to act upon it; they are not responsible for their action to the newspaper press; they ought not to be responsible to Presbyteries and Synods remote from Princeton and ignorant of the facts; and if the Presbyterian General Assembly has, as is averred, passed any general resolution the effect of which is to deprive members of the Presbyterian Church from exercising their own independent judgment on such a question as that presented by the Princeton Inn, so much the worse for the Presbyterian General Assembly. One thing is very certain: Christ has not in explicit terms prohibited the drinking of beer, or the sale of it; but he has in explicit terms declared that if any member of his Church has a cause of offense against any other member, he shall first go to the offending member to ascertain the facts and to secure peacefully a remedy—in other words, that private conciliation shall precede public condemnation. We believe that we are correct in the statement that not one of those who have so vigorously accused Dr. Shields has either been to him or written to him. They have directly violated the spirit and the letter of Christ's instructions in making condemnation precede trial, and in proposing to conduct both without any friendly protests, or even any quiet, honest, and unprejudiced endeavor to ascertain the facts. Against such conduct The Outlook protests, as directly disloyal both to the principles and the spirit of the Master, and as far more unchristian than either the selling of beer, the drinking of beer, or the official approbation of both. If the conscience of the individual is to be in the keeping of the Church, the Roman Catholic fashion of intrusting it to a Father-confessor, who will deal with the individual personally and privately, is better than this modern newspaper fashion of intrusting it to the public press and public meetings of Presbyteries and Synods, by which penalties excruciating to a sensitive soul are inflicted without either judicial trial or personal conference. Dr. Shields has withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church, and it is believed will enter the Episcopal Church, where it is to be hoped he will receive more fraternal treatment than he has received from some members, happily a small minority, of that Church in which, as he himself says, he has so long lived, and in which he had hoped to die.

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Dr. Cheyne and the Bible

We publish on another page an account from the pen of Dr. Griffis, of Ithaca, of the course of lectures which Dr. Cheyne, of Great Britain, is delivering at various points in this country, the course having been first delivered, we believe, at Cornell University.

There are two classes of thinkers to whom the Christian Church owes a debt of gratitude: the men who have wrought out with scholarly care certain definite and final conclusions which those unable to pursue like processes may accept with confidence; and the men of more brilliance but of less caution, who stimulate thought and urge their readers on to form conclusions for themselves. Dr. Cheyne belongs to the latter class. He is like one who has discovered in an old and darkened building a walled-up window, who breaks away the plastering, tears down the brickwork, and lets the light of heaven in. Such a one appears to the superficial onlooker as though he were destroying the building which he is really illuminating. The process is, for the time being, somewhat disagreeable. It makes dust and confusion; but when the process is completed there is new light within and new view without. This is what Dr. Cheyne has been doing for the Christian Church in his treatment of the Bible—more perhaps than any other English scholar. He has led the way in that movement of thought which is reopening the Bible to so many, which is enabling us to see in it a body of literature containing

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tradition, legend, history, folk-lore, poetry, drama, popular proverbs, romance and fiction, as well as didactic teaching; which is making the Bible a more human and therefore a more divine book; and which is bringing God nearer to us in the Bible, because showing to us God in men of like passions as we ourselves are. How far Dr. Cheyne's special conclusions will stand the test of time and criticism is a wholly subordinate question. He has both enabled and compelled men who were reading the Bible without thought to think when they read the Bible. Under his inspiration, and that of men of like mind, the Bible has been transformed from a substitute for thought into an incentive to thought; and he who renders this service for humanity renders one of the greatest of services, though it be one depreciated by many and adequately appreciated by few.

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Religion Out-of-Doors

A Scotch Highlander, old, worn, and poor, was in the habit of going every morning a little distance from his cottage and standing there, unbonneted, for a few minutes. When asked one day by a friend, who came upon him and waited until he had covered his head and turned his eyes away from the hills, if he were saying his prayers, he replied, with a rare smile: "I have come here every morning for years and taken off my bonnet to the beauty of the world." It was an untaught man's expression of that deep poetry which runs through the Celtic race like a vein of gold; and it was also a primitive act of worship. The splendor of God on the face of the earth is always to be seen reverently and adoringly; and only they attain the true spirit of worship to whom the silent aisles of the woods are as sacred as the pillared aisles of the church, and the autumnal glory shining on the hills as much a symbol of the presence of God as the altar fragrant with the breath of flowers and beautiful with the light of painted windows or of shining tapers. For the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, though we are slow to learn and swift to forget.

It is easier to define God than to realize his presence; to confine him to places than to believe in his omnipresence; to limit him to times than to know that all times are in his hand; to draw a circle round his love than to discern that its circumference lies outside the universe. A large part of the history of human thinking is a record of painful and conscientious endeavor to compress God into the categories of human thought, and to make his character comprehensible by making his motives like our own, only larger. The theologians have divided the heritage of infinite love among men according to their own preconceptions or the limitations of their own minds, and have forgotten the absolute equality of the sons of God; the ecclesiastics of all shades and schools have claimed exclusive authority to speak for the Infinite, although all languages and symbols are impotent to express His nature; and good people of every generation and faith have identified God with certain agencies of obvious prosperity and excluded him from all others, and have limited him, with sincere but mistaken zeal, to certain times and places. And so religion has come to be ritual instead of character; worship, the adoration of the Unseen at some special place instead of a constant and universal reverence; piety has taken on professional forms, and has a language of its own, instead of being the perfect flowering of a man's nature and the natural, simple, universal speech of the soul; and God has been shut out of a large part of his world, instead of pervading and transforming it.

Tennyson, who was a man of religious as well as of poetic genius, once said that people had come to think of God as a kind of gigantic clergyman—so far have men wandered from the thought which Christ revealed. It is the greatest sin of ecclesiasticism that it turns into a profession that which ought to be the deepest and simplest life of every man born into this world.

To those who long passionately for a vision of God as great and divine as that which is reflected in the Gospels, Nature is a constant refuge from the small interpretations, the narrow limitations, the divisive ideas too often heard in the churches. One goes out-of-doors after many sermons, and draws a deep breath, and feels that he has gone from the presence of a finite into that of an infinite God. There comes in such a moment a great sense of joy that the littleness of human thought and the narrowness of human sympathies are, after all, powerless to limit God; one listens and is almost overcome for the moment by vigor of presentation or array of authorities, but he goes out under the pure heavens, and the fog which seemed to be settling over the race disappears like a morning

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mist. Nature supplies the compensation for the purely ecclesiastical view, and corrects the vicious tendency to conceive of God professionally. Those who look at the movement of thought with some spiritual insight, and therefore with some divination of the future, are assured that for this reason science will presently appear to have been the greatest ally and friend of religion in this century. When the tendencies of contemporary thought lie clearly marked in the full knowledge of the future, it will be seen that science has secured modifications of the ecclesiastical ideas of God's will, God's law, and God's relation to the world, and his way of working in it, which are one and all in the direction of a more deeply religious conception of the universe. Nature will finally strike a balance with ecclesiasticism, and the churches will stand, not as sentinels challenging the world about them, but, like so many of the English cathedrals, crowning the heights with an architecture both material and spiritual, which not only harmonizes with the landscape, but forms its spiritual center and interpreter.

The view of God which one gets out-of-doors is less open to the danger of moral perversion than that which one gets under some church roofs; for Nature is not only impartial, but she is also inexorable. The man who breaks her law always pays the penalty; there are no exceptions; she is absolutely and impartially just. No sentimentalism obscures her vision or deflects her purpose; no ritual act secures exemption from penalty. The seed which a man sows he reaps, and no other; the deed which a man does reacts upon him, and no other; the work which a man performs feeds him, and he is fed in no other way. To go out-of-doors from the teaching of some pulpits is, therefore, to get not only a rational but a moral view of life; it is not only to have one's view broadened, but it is also to have it clarified.

There is no conflict between the house which men set aside as a visible symbol of the glory of God and for their adoration of him, and that vast world which is the work of his hands, and which reveals his will in every law and his presence in every force; but there is an irrepressible conflict between the purely professional idea of God and of religion taught in some pulpits and the conception which is born of a knowledge of God's world. The church is enfolded by Nature, not separated from it.

The Spectator

Norway and Sweden are under one king, but apparently are one only in their nominal head. Each has its own Parliament, and a Norwegian informs me that recently Sweden has passed a new tariff law, laying a tax on importations from Norway. A national unity which allows a tax to be levied on goods passing from one portion of the nation to another portion would appear to an American to amount to very little. King Oscar appears to be popular and to deserve his popularity. Of his statesmanship I cannot speak intelligently; but stories are told illustrating his sympathy with the people, and it is such sympathy which makes a king popular. Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Youmans, of New York, perished in one of the lakes of Norway, in a manner at once dramatic and tragic. They were in a *stolkjaerre* driving along the shore of the lake; they turned the horse and *stolkjaerre* at right angles across the road, to enable Mr. Youmans to get a picture in his camera; the flies were troublesome; the horse, in turning his head to drive them off, caught the rein in the shaft and backed off into the lake. At the point where this tragedy occurred King Oscar has erected a simple granite monument, with the names of the unfortunate travelers and the date of the tragedy. A similar disaster occurred this year in the Seljestad Valley. A German officer from the Emperor's yacht, ascending the valley on his bicycle, rode off between the guarding stones into the torrent, which instantly swept bicycle and rider away. The bicycle was recovered, but not the body of the rider. Here also it is said that the king is about to erect a monument to memorialize the tragedy. These are but little incidents; but they indicate his interest in what interests the common life of his people. But, in spite of his personal popularity, the union with Sweden is not popular in Norway, in which it is said there is a considerable desire to separate from the wealthier State and to form a Republic. Certainly, in simplicity of manners, in absence of caste, in a certain heartiness and commonalty of fellowship, the Norwegians are extremely democratic.

Guide: Extremely is a well-chosen word. At the hotel at —— I was playing in the parlor on the piano, when the hotel porter came along, produced some music and his flute, and asked me to play some accompani-

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ments for him. However, he really did play the flute very well.

Philosopher: I should like to export some of our woman's rights advocates from America to Norway. The doctrine that woman may do anything and everything a man may do is fully established there. You see the women everywhere in the fields raking the hay and gathering and binding the barley.

Friend: And on the roads carrying butter and milk and eggs to market, hung from those queer yokes which rest round their necks and on their shoulders.

Guide: And in America you see them trooping to the factories at early daylight, or from the shops in the great cities anywhere from seven to eleven at night. The American beam is bigger than the Norwegian mote.

Philosopher: How hale and hearty the Norwegian maidens are! What models of vigor! what frames! what color in their cheeks! Do you remember those three Norwegian maidens who got on to our steamer on the Hardanger Fjord, with their thick walking-shoes, their long canes, their knapsacks on their backs, and their faces all aglow with their mountain walk? What splendid mothers of what splendid men they would make!

Guide: The other day, at Bergen, my trunk had been brought up from downstairs, and left in the hall outside my room. I rang the bell, and asked the maid if the porter would put it into my room. At least that is what I tried to ask her, though doubtless my Norwegian was deficient. She discovered, however, that I wanted my trunk in my room, and picked it up to bring it in. When I saw what she was about to do, I started forward, abashed, to lend a hand; but she laughed at me. "No! no!" she cried; and, handling it as easily as an American girl would a sofa-pillow, she brought it across the hall and put it on the little "horse" which all foreign hotels provide as a resting-place for your trunk, that you may not threaten yourself with curvature of the spine in getting at it to pack and unpack.

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Friend: Have you not all noticed the absence of beggary in Norway?

Guide: I have not seen a beggar on our route.

Friend: I think it is due to the fact that you also have not seen a liquor-shop.

That is true; we have not. In one hotel, the Stalheim, there was a sign up, "To the bar;" elsewhere we have not seen in any hotel any indication of anything analogous to the American bar or even to the English tap-room. Exactly what is the Norwegian liquor law I cannot state with accuracy; but I believe that the Government alone sells distilled liquors. And these are sold by salaried officers, who have no interest to increase the sale, or rather an interest to sell as little as possible, for the less they sell, the less they have to do for the money they receive. In this respect the law is immeasurably better than the famous Maine Law, which, with a fatuity that surpasses comprehension, pays the agent of the State by a commission on the sales, and thus makes it his interest to sell as much as he can. At none of the hotels are spirits sold; at least at none of them are spirits mentioned on the wine-cards. I believe the Government offices for the sale of spirits are confined to the large towns, and these are not obvious to the traveler. We did not go on a search for them; but we did not observe one place, in even Christiania or Bergen, where spirits could be purchased. The whisky-shop does not, apparently, exist in Norway. On the other hand, wine and beer are common. But they also are sold, apparently, except perhaps in a few of the larger towns, only in the hotels and to the regular guests. In the grounds adjoining the hotel, or on the porches or piazzas attached to it, there are always some tables, where one can sit, and smoke, and drink his beer or his bottle of wine. But it is in the open air, with ladies and gentlemen all about, and under conditions which make drunkenness as impossible as it would be in a ladies' parlor in a New York hotel. If it is true, as I am told it is, that formerly drunkenness in its worst forms was common in Norway, the Norwegian method of dealing with this curse of our country is well worthy the study of American temperance reformers.

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Guide: I believe that there are two lessons which they might learn: first, to distinguish clearly between distilled and fermented liquors; all the social evils come from the former. Second, to distinguish between drinking and drunkenness; by confounding them we have done almost as much to obscure our condemnation of drunkenness as to create a condemnation of drinking.

Philosopher: Did it ever occur to you that possibly the end of the prohibition movement

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may be a law prohibiting all sale and all manufacture of distilled liquors except by the State, with the same freedom to make and to sell fermented and malt liquors as to sell tea and coffee? So long as we leave private enterprise free to manufacture distilled liquors, so long we shall have a great pecuniary power interested to defeat the law which forbids or even restricts their sale.

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Our Norwegian trip is ended. We have not seen the North Cape, nor even been so far north as Trondjheim, where an artist acquaintance painted a sunset between eleven at night and one in the morning. But we have seen the country, and made the acquaintance of the people. And we come home with an increased respect for this thrifty, brave, hospitable, and simple-hearted people, and with a better understanding than before of their ardent love for their native land,

> Its rocks and wooded hills,
> Its streams and mountain rills.

It is a wonderful country to visit; and even three weeks spent in its rain and sunshine, eating its simple food and breathing its tonic air, brings something of the saffron out of the American tourist's face, and something of a healthier color in, and sends him back to his native land, carrying with him an importation of health and vigor for his next winter's use, which, happily, no custom-house appraiser can put a value on, and no custom-house inspector can tax.

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Professor Cheyne's Lectures

By the Rev. W. E. Griffis, D.D.

In Barnes Hall, erected on Cornell University campus for "the spread of God's truth among men," the Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, England, gave (November 1–6) the annual course of lectures on the History of Religion. His theme was Jewish Religious Life after the Exile. Those who came, with martyr-like spirit, to hear a dry lecture on texts and manuscripts, redactions and interpolations only, were agreeably disappointed. The spare, Scottish-looking gentleman of exceedingly modest aspect, without glasses to his eyes, treated of life, of human beings and how they thought, acted, and aspired, and how Holy Scripture grew, multitudinously and multifariously, as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says.

Showing the blessed difference between the merely conventional study of the Scriptures as compared with the exhilarating and interesting methods of our day, Dr. Cheyne stated that what was needed now was common sense and imagination. He certainly showed that he himself was amply supplied with these instruments for clear vision and understanding the Scriptures. Confining his view to post-exilic literature only (that is, probably one-half the Old Testament), he spoke first of religious life in Judea before the arrival of Nehemiah. Two parties of exiles came back from Babylon to the old home-land, and the Temple was built chiefly by the Jews who had remained in Judea. The prophecies of Haggai form the dividing line between the earlier and later prophetic writings, and make the literary dividing line between the pre-exilic and post-exilic periods. Haggai and Zechariah are not great prophets. Their time and style show a great falling off from the standard in the old seers of God. The deficiencies of Zechariah as a moralist were made good by "Malachi," and thereafter we note a spiritual improvement in the Jerusalem community and the appearance of a band of strict observers of Deuteronomy.

Much fresh light was thrown on the relations between the Jews and Samaritans (as well as those between the orthodox and the heretical Jews of the period), between whom there was an unconscious agreement as to the essence of religion, which the better men in the two communities demonstrated in their lives, being in this respect the precursors of the right attitude taken by the great exemplar Jesus. In his second lecture, on Nehemiah, Ezra, and Manasseh, or the Reconstitution of the Jewish and Samaritan Communities, Dr. Cheyne gave a brilliant and illuminating picture of contemporary life as manifested in politics and literature. He pictured Nehemiah as a fiercely zealous helper of the orthodox party, willing even to cut off the heterodox—in this respect hardly seconding the tolerant spirit of the King of Assyria. He showed that Ezra's objects were purely religious: the decoration of the Temple, the formation of the congregation, and the re-institution of the Levitical system. From this time forth began the elaboration of ritual and the representation of the lives of the patriarchs and of the ancient heroes. These narratives, being generally written by priestly authors,

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seemed in modern eyes to set forth these worthies as lacking in literary development. But then, added Dr. Cheyne, "the priest is not a poet." The lack of warmth in these priestly narratives is supplied later by the poets.

In lecture third the theme was Jewish Religious Ideals and hindrances to their perfect development. Though unexpected troubles were produced by the liberal policy of Cyrus, troubles that were galling to the ultra-orthodox, a religious compensation was found in the increased prominence of the Israelitish ideal as a subject of meditation. Dr. Cheyne found evidence of this in a cycle of four songs on "The Servant of Jehovah," inserted in and interwoven with the Deutero-Isaiah. The suffering servant, in Isaiah lii., 13—liii., 12, is a fusion of all martyrs and confessors. The photograph of Jehovah's servant in other parts of this book is that of those only who preached and expounded the religious law. The early history of the Messianic belief was finely sketched. In lecture fourth, on Jewish Wisdom, its Meaning, Object, and Varieties, the hearer was impressed with the rich variety of life in early Judaism. Ezra's law book is very different from the wisdom books. After the exile nothing seemed more important than wisdom or instruction, or the law set forth in a new and taking form. Naturally, in the growth of the Old Testament literature, popular tradition made groups of the various writings around three towering personalities—Moses, David, and Solomon. To the average mind these names stood for law, poetry, and wisdom. The Proverb literature is more cosmopolitan in view than that of the Psalms. The former is not for Jews only, but for men; while in the Psalmist's eye all except Jews are morally worthless. There is a strong secular element in Proverbs, which teaches, above all things, the art of getting on in the world and the knack of steering well through its dangers. There is a calm reasonableness in this book which at times seems to be coolness, which is a survival of the old nomadic craft. Yet wisdom is not secular only, certainly not utilitarian in the modern sense of the term. The proverb, like the law, presupposes the theory of earthly retribution.

The picture of personified Wisdom was finely drawn by the lecturer, who frequently illustrated his points by fresh translations from the Hebrew original. These had much the same effect as that of a powerful current of electricity sent through carbon points. The analysis and reconstruction of the Book of Job—"the Hebrew Prometheus"—was delightful from the literary point of view, as well as stimulating to the student of Holy Scripture.

In his fifth lecture, in which he illustrated orthodox and heretical wisdom, Dr. Cheyne showed how great was Israel's debt of gratitude to Persia and Assyria. The spirit of doubt entered Judaism from Greece, of which one record is in Proverbs xxx., 1–4. The orthodox Jews considered the skeptics in Israel, chief of whom was the writer of Ecclesiastes, as those who "penetrated to Paradise and destroyed the plants that grew there." As the Book of Job in its present form is the monument of two or three conflicting schools, so also is Ecclesiastes. In order to make Koheleth theologically sound, the expedients of interpolation, with the addition of a warning in the epilogue and the ascription of authorship to a *blasé* and penitent king, were resorted to. The author of Ecclesiastes was very probably a philosophic Sadducee in the century immediately before Christ.

In his last lecture this Oxford scholar, saturated with the knowledge of actual conditions of the life of that time between Malachi and Matthew which is traditionally a vacuum, showed the intense movements of the human spirit seeking God. The ideal of the author of Jehovah's Servant was also that of the writer of Jonah. The practical object of this great missionary book, like that of Ruth, was to smooth the way for the admission of proselytes at Jerusalem. The growth of the doctrine of immortality and the resurrection was finely set forth, and also the liberalizing effect of the Dispersion, which brought in new conceptions of a spiritual temple and spiritual sacrifices. Altogether, Judaism had great power of attracting foreigners. Its higher theology was always vastly more spiritual than the practical exemplification of it among the Jews. Jewish religion was always susceptible to influences from without. It owes much to Babylonia, Persia, and Greece. A study of this theme leads to a much larger inquiry—the origin and nature of essential Christianity.

Dr. Cheyne is a realist and yet a poet. He is the painstaking scholar and man of science, as against the romancer Josephus, the father of so much modern devout tradition. Under his searching but reverent critical scholarship, what seem to be mere repetitions become vital parts of the great spiritual organism of Holy Scripture.

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The Lessons of a Life

The Influence of Henry Ward Beecher's Preaching on Religious Life and Thought in England

By the Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D.

The following address was delivered by Dr. Berry, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, November 7, as a part of the jubilee services held in commemoration of the semi centennial of the church and the installation of its first pastor. Dr. Berry is in the forty-fifth year of his age, is the pastor of one of the largest Congregational churches in England, is this year Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales (the youngest man, with one exception, ever elected to that office), was called to Plymouth Church after the death of Mr. Beecher, but declined the call, and came this fall on the invitation of the Church to take part in its semi-centennial services. In person Dr. Berry is rather under the usual height, with a well-knit frame, a noticeable head and face, and the general air rather of a business man than of an ecclesiastic. He has the reputation of being one of the best platform speakers in England, and well deserves it. He speaks with great vigor, though without vehemence, at times with a passionate fervor but never with unrestrained passion, and throughout his address produces the impression of a reserve of force which is still unexpended. He has been several times asked to stand, as a Liberal candidate, for Parliament, but has always declined, because he regards the pulpit as the more important vantage-ground for Christian work. He has been active in forming the recent federation of Nonconformist Churches in England, and is to speak on this subject in New York, Boston, and Chicago, during his present visit to America. He is also to speak at several of our theological seminaries, and to visit Washington in the interest of International Arbitration. He returns to his home December 8.

DR. ABBOTT and my dear Christian friends: In recognition of the fact that Henry Ward Beecher, beloved as the pastor of this church, was yet the property of Christendom, and by a delicate and gracious courtesy, I have been called from the shores of my beloved fatherland, and from the home and work I love, to speak to you to-day upon the influence of Henry Ward Beecher on teaching and preaching in Great Britain. But before proceeding to that task, not less grateful because difficult, it is my duty, as it is my privilege and my joy, to express to the pastor, the officers, the members of this famous and influential church, the congratulations and the good wishes of a host of sister churches across the Atlantic waves. My own church especially, which has more than once come into close and sacred relations with Plymouth, and never into relations more co-operative or effective than when, during a recent and regrettable crisis, we exchanged cablegrams of mutual petition for the preservation of peace and the restoration of good will between America and England, has charged me to express to you the warmest sentiments of appreciation and regard, and most cordial prayers for your enlarged usefulness and prosperity in the new half-century on which you have entered this year. The welfare of Plymouth is indeed the solicitude of all English-speaking Christendom, not merely because of recognized debt to the ministries and achievements of your glorious past, but because of sincere desire to have those ministries attested and confirmed in a solid, sober, unbroken, and apostolical succession of saintly and serviceable fellowship. The severest, and therefore the truest, test, whether of a pastorate or of a church, and especially where great publicity and popularity have attended their union, is reached only when the two are sundered—when, on the one hand, the contagious and constraining vitalities of a great personality are withdrawn, and, on the other hand, the responsive enthusiasms of an appreciative people are denied the magnetic excitation of thrilling voice, and kindling eye, and gold-tipped winged eloquence, and are driven

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back for their awakement and sustenance upon the quieter but more reliable agencies of intellectual and spiritual understanding. Then it is that the secret comes out whether or not pastor and people have been walking in a vain show; whether or not, in his attraction of great multitudes, the pastor has neglected the training and the discipline of a living church; whether or not the people, seemingly so zealous for God and humanity, are the dupes of a sensuous spell, the victims of mere ravishing oratory, or the intelligent and devoted disciples and servants of a beautiful gospel, made credible by the genius of a heaven-sent interpreter. And it is from that point of view, if I may venture so to express it here this morning, that the friends of Plymouth Church in Britain discover their deepest satisfaction and joy.

Ten years have passed, and well-nigh eleven, since he was taken whose name will forever be entwined with some of your greatest National achievements and most of your ecclesiastical and theological progress. And what do we see around us to-day? A living church—large, compact, earnest, reverent, devoted, as rich in organization as it is in life, still occupying its place down here right in the midst of this thronged and crowded city, a center of one of the most gifted and devoted Christian bands to be found anywhere in the world, a church laden with holiest traditions and memories, and yet alive and devoted to the thought and duty of to-day. *This* is the true Beecher memorial, not that brass medallion (speaking as is the likeness, it suggests more than it contains); not yon bronze statue, erected by the love and reverence of grateful citizens; not any printed or spoken eulogy, apt to become exaggerated, or, in fear of exaggeration, apt to fail in tribute; but this living church, surviving him, pulsating by his spirit, reproducing his ideas and ideals—this living church, that loved and loves him so well as to turn from mere grief or reminiscence to active service—this is his memorial. And we across the water thank God that his memorial is in the form of a living fellowship rather than of cold marble or printed eulogy.

And what is thus the best memorial to the man who is gone is the best tribute to the church that remains, and to him who reluctantly, nervously, in spite of feelings that his work lay in other directions, took up the leadership of this church, and has maintained, as he still maintains it, in efficiency of Christian instruction and Christian service.

Our congratulations to-day from across the water are deep and sincere. We rejoice with you over your great and glorious past. We enter, if with surprise yet with the more grateful joy, into your loving and fruitful present. We join hands with you in petitioning that, as in the past and in the present, so in days to come, you may enjoy the conscious presence of the Master, and work effectively by the grace and power of the Holy Ghost.

Now, from what I have said, it will be quite clear to you that this memorial service, at least as far as I am concerned, is neither to be an exhibition of vain and reminiscent regret, nor a mere ebullition of foolish and degrading idolatry. If to-day we look back, it is to relearn the lessons, to catch the inspirations, which sprang from the lips and the mind of your great preacher. If to-day, in looking back, we concentrate our thoughts upon a man, it is not that we may glorify him or raise him to false eminence in the thought and affection of Christendom, but that we may glorify God in him—the God who made, the God who inspired him. There is, as we all know, a false hero-worship, the worship of a man which hides God, and which the more shrivels the heart because it plays upon it the fiction of enlargement. But there is a hero-worship that is true, that is divine, that is enlarging and sweetening. A great man is God's best gift to men. Not to recognize and not to cherish him is to blaspheme the bounty and the grace of God. It were, indeed, as easy to blot out from a landscape the mountain that rears its snowy crest beyond the clouds, as to forget or to ignore the presence of great personalities in God's earth and in Christ's church.

That doctrine of equality which declares that one man is as good as another is a lie. Equality of privilege, equality of opportunity, equality as sinners before God, equality as rightful claimants upon God for saving grace—that is the true equality. But in God's world some are made to lead and some to follow, some to teach and some to learn; and any driveling doctrine of equality which would erect the lowest, the meanest, the least capable into line with the foremost, has written upon it the absolute rejection of God. His great men he sends to be brothers and to be servants; but their brotherhood and their service are constituted in this, that they must teach, that they must be obeyed, that they

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must lead, that they must be followed. God has gifted them with such amplitude as to live in them for the example and guidance of mankind. And hence it is that in the New Testament we never can get away from the personality of St. Paul. Modest as he was, conscious of his ill-desert in presence of the Eternal, knowing as none other could know the limitations and debilities of his own soul, yet was he conscious that God had put grace into him, and gifts such as constituted him servant and leader of all. And throughout his epistles we find that, with delicacy but with unmistakable meaning, he puts his own case to the front, that men might think, not of him, but of the grace of God that made him; not of his eloquence, not of his fame, not of his personality, but of the wondrous power and the redemptive efficiency of the love of Jesus Christ.

And so we think to-day of Henry Ward Beecher. You cannot shut out his personality. Why should you try? By so much as that personality made the world brighter, God's thought clearer, man's duty simpler, life's sufferings easier to be borne, in that measure he was a fresh incarnation of the Eternal Love. And we think of him to-day, and we glorify God in him, and we pray that the succession, the true apostolic and saintly succession, of God's great and gifted ones may never cease until this weary world has passed through all the phases of its travail and its discipline, and is merged in the shadowless light and the ineffable love of God.

But now from these general remarks I turn to my more specific subject. I am not to speak of Beecher in the entirety of his life—which is as merciful for me as for you; for, if I began to get beyond the fringe of that great personality, you would not get dismissal until sunrise to-morrow, and then I should not have passed the first head of the discourse. I am to speak of Beecher's influence on the thought and preaching of England. That assumes that Beecher had an influence upon the thought and preaching of England; and I am here to-day to affirm that he had a distinct and effective influence in those great departments of life. Now, put that fact into juxtaposition with another fact, which helps to interpret it and to fix its true value. Henry Ward Beecher was seldom seen and seldom heard by the great masses of the people in my country. Only a fraction of the religious leaders and teachers of Britain ever saw that face which reflected so much of the sunniness of God. It will appear to you quite clear, then, that his influence was not the influence of personal presence, of captivating eloquence, but was the influence of thought when reduced to the cold and lifeless level of a printed page. That fact is of value in determining the quality of Henry Ward Beecher's ministry.

There is a foolish idea in many quarters that the orator and the thinker can never be one and the same man; that the orator is a man devoted to the tricks of speech, dependent for his power upon the resourcefulness of a contagious personality; and that the thinker, on the other hand, is a man who necessarily must withdraw himself from all the activities of the world, and from the influence of great public assemblies. Never was greater mistake made in the estimate of function and faculty. There can be rhetoric without thought, but never oratory. For what is the orator? The orator is, what the word that signifies him etymologically is, the man who beseeches, the man who reasons, the man who pleads, the man who wins. He is the petitioner, the prophet. For what is the prophet? The man who speaks for God to men in winsome speech—speech that interprets the Eternal—and so interprets Him that men want to rush after Him and to embrace Him. The prophet is the poet and the orator. The rhetorician, the man of words—reduce him to a printed page, and you kill both him and his speech. Beecher was a thinker gifted of God with fine faculty of vision; he saw into the deep things of God, and what he saw, God gave him tongue and lip to speak. And so his oratory was lifted far above the wind and bluster of the rhetorician, and became the fine vehicle of thoughts that burn, emotions that kindle, and reasons that bend the will and inspire the soul.

But when we turn to ask what, in this realm of thought, was Beecher's contribution to modern Christendom, we confront a task less easy; for during the period of Henry Ward Beecher's life we in England at least, and you in America, I dare say, came under the sweep and influence of a whole host of new thinkers and new workers. I will speak of the land I know.

In England, during these fifty years past, we have seen the rise of Colenso and Biblical criticism; and, young as I am (despite appearances), I am old enough to remember the virulent and contemptuous abuse heaped upon the head of Bishop Colenso for his daring

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pioneer work in the task of rightly understanding the Scriptures of God. But his name and presence have been influential these fifty years in guiding the thought and method of Christian teachers. During the same period, at the very opposite extreme, one sees John Henry Newman and the Oxford Movement leading men away from all inquiry and from all research into absolute surrender to ecclesiastical, not to say Papal, authority. Right in the midst of this same generation rises a figure, refined, modest, little seen while yet the figure lived, much loved since the man within the figure has passed up into the eternal. Frederick William Robertson, of Brighton, has been in England perhaps the most widely potent religious force of the Victorian era, introducing preachers to a method of Biblical interpretation which made the Book more divine by making it more human, lifting the truth of God into celestial light by showing how its ramifications reached through all the darknesses and shadows of human life. There, in a quiet little retreat, among souls kindred with his own, sits John Frederick Denison Maurice, seeing deeply, speaking simply, so throwing himself into his message that men from the professions, and especially from the legal profession, gathering around him, got so much of the man that they could not hold him, but gave him forth throughout England, and made him one of the foremost of our theological teachers. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, in the Abbey of Westminster, shedding that sweetness and light of which Matthew Arnold spoke so much and exhibited so little; George Macdonald, writing novels, but into them throwing the new religious spirit, and interpreting through literature some of the profoundest, some of the loftiest, theological truths; A. J. Scott in Manchester, and Baldwin Brown in London, bringing back to men the great truth about the Fatherhood of God, and making that Fatherhood, instead of the ancient sovereignty, the center of theological systems—these, and the like of these, have all been busy in England during the Victorian era, teaching, enlarging, sweetening the Church of Christ.

And yet, among them all, not hindmost, but foremost, was the man who was pastor of this church; foremost in thought-leadership and influence, because speaking to men as preacher, not as mere academic student, not as mere recluse reading books and thinking thoughts in silence, but as a preacher who had seen visions, and dreamed dreams, and gripped problems, and found out new ways to emancipation and progress. Beecher thus shines as one of the brightest stars of our modern firmament, one of the beautifulest of the gifts of God to these later days.

What shall we say was his precise contribution to this manifold and greatly enriched age? I will say, in the first place, Beecher's greatest work was that he helped to bring back Christendom to the realization and enjoyment of the living Christ. Do not misapprehend my meaning, or imagine that I am implying an absence of Christ from the generations that went before ours. Not even theologies could banish Christ out of the world into which he had once come as Redeemer; and he has been here through all the ages, living and working with men. But, alas! how often has Christ been here, as God was with Cyrus of old, girding him, yet unknown by him, undiscerned by him. It sometimes seems to me that the mediæval epochs of Christian life are well represented in that Disciples' walk to Emmaus with the Master, when, with glowing heart, they knew they were in the presence of a great teacher, but with holden eyes they did not see him, did not know him.

Beecher's work has been to open men's eyes to the fact that He who makes the star to glow, He who lifts the hopes and purposes of Christendom, is none other than the Son of God, and that He is not dead but risen and living; and that He who lives and sits upon the throne descends and dwells with us, nearer to us than breathing, closer than hands or feet.

Very early in the story of the Christian Church did Christ come to be more of a historic person than of a Living Presence, more of a dim and distant reminiscence on the page of history than a deliverer and companion standing by our side. The Roman Catholic Church, to which with reverence and with thankfulness I personally acknowledge deep debts of gratitude for many things bright and beautiful, yet did this wrong to Christendom, that it placed itself between the believer and his Lord, and taught men to look for Christ in a sensuous sacrament, in a sensuous priest, in a ritual service, and created, however unwittingly, in the thought of Christendom, this feeling, that only *there* could Christ be found; that outside of those sacred walls men walked and worked, and fought and suffered, without his close companionship

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and inspiration. And when, in due course, Luther arose in his might, with a waiting and willing Europe at his back, to smite the shackles of the Catholic Church from the neck of Christendom, alas, alas! men went and put the Bible where the Pope had put the Church—put there the Bible, and doctrines springing from the Bible—and re-created a sense of limitation in the spiritual universe, causing men to think and believe that in the Book and nowhere else could they find Christ or learn anything about him, and that in the doctrines of the Church they had the embodiment, such as it was, of the Master's presence with his people.

And so the Church struggled on, weakened and limited by these false conceptions of Christ, and of the way to Christ, until in our own age, from every quarter of the compass, hungering souls cried out for the Living God, for the Christ who said that he would come back again and dwell in his church and with his people; and foremost among those called to interpret this cry of the heart and to guide men to the Living Saviour was Henry Ward Beecher, who himself had found the way, and whose whole life and preaching exhibited the reality, the closeness, the sacredness of communion with Christ.

In one of those matchless epigrammatic definitions that brighten so many of the pages of James Martineau, I found one day this little gem of definition: "Complete unbelief is attained when God is driven as much out of the past as we have driven Him out of the present; and complete belief is reached when God is made to fill the present as much as piety causes Him to fill the past." No truer word has been spoken to this generation than that. To fill this present with the living God; to have the courage and the truth to say that if God is not here in Brooklyn he never was in Jerusalem; that if he did not speak by his gifted prophet here, he had nothing to say to Abraham, nothing to David, nothing to Isaiah, and nothing to Paul; and that if he be not here a living inspiration, to comfort and to quicken and to bless, the whole story of his unveiling in the past is one vast but beautiful fiction, to be buried henceforth from the thoughts of men—that is the truth and the duty of this present time. And Beecher led us in England, as he led you in America, to see God and to know that Christ was present, to see the lineaments of His face, to bask in the light of His spirit, and to feel all care and worry and weakness and limitation removed by the saving and emancipating touch of Christ in the heart.

Out of this great truth, which Beecher taught us to recover, came another truth—namely, that the sources of theology are not to be found in books, not even in sacred books, but in Christian experience. Having found the Living Christ and recognized him, having come into personal communion with him and felt the glow of the heart, and the broadening of the vision, and the sweetening of the temper, and the quickening of all the perceptive and appreciative faculties, it was an easy and a necessary step to the conclusion that here are the great facts on which theology is built, out of which theology must be formed. As the scientist goes to nature for his facts, and proceeds by methods of induction from observed facts to necessary conclusions, so, said Beecher, the theologian must come into the realm of Christian facts, discoverable in the great body of Christian experience, and must by the same inductive methods argue from these facts to what is true about God and what is true about man and duty.

It is true that the scientific student must have his class-book, must study his class-book, and by it be guided where to look for his facts and how to treat them when he finds them. And so we have *our* text-book, this Bible of God, this book of man, and in addition to it we have our volumes of Church history, and we have our histories of Christian doctrine and Christian method. But these are but guides, pointing us to where we shall find the great verifying facts, and teaching us how to deal with them, and what to make of them when we find them. Do you tell me that such a basis for theology is uncertain? that the experience of one man may differ widely from the experience of another man? That is true; for if out of mere individual experiences we were to attempt the construction of a theology, we should reach conclusions as confused and as misleading as would be those of the scientist if he attempted, out of a little fact here and a little fact yonder, to construct a great scientific theory. Our induction must be from all the facts. My experience must be attested by yours, yours and mine by that of a great company, that of a great company to-day by that of a great company which went before us. When so attested and so confirmed, it will be found that the great realities of religion are written in the hearts and souls of men; and that through

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a broad induction from them must we arrive at our beliefs in theology. Mr. Beecher's theology was not made up out of books, did not constitute itself in propositions; it was the living interpretation of facts which he observed and of experiences which he shared. And so it comes to pass, if you will allow me one illustration, that Henry Ward Beecher put before the Church the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ, which to me seems absolutely irrefutable. He did not merely gather texts strewn here and there over the Biblical page, and piece them together, and say, "This book tells me that He was God, and I must believe it because the Book says it." No, he went back into his own experience, into the experience of the Christian Church. And what did he find? He found there unmistakably a great yearning after God, a yearning so deep and persistent that only one thing could be concluded—that God put it there, and put it there as a ground of expectation that He would answer the craving He had created. And out of that came clearly and necessarily the conclusion that the God who made man thus to need and to yearn after Himself must answer him, must come to him, or cease to be God—become indeed Diabolus, not to be worshiped, however strong, but to be rejected and repelled as one who made the soul only to mock it and to destroy it by delusion and despair. Thus it was that, arguing from Christian experience, Beecher learned that it was reasonable and obligatory for the God who made man to come to him, and speak to him, and work for him, and die for him. Then, bringing these observations and reasonings to the light of the Scriptural Revelation, and looking at the historic Christ from the standpoint of human cravings and needs, Beecher could not escape the conclusion that the Christ portrayed in the Gospels was God's answer to man's necessity. And in grateful surprise he cried, "Why, this is God. There is not a single thing I would have in God but I find in Christ. There is not a single thing in Christ I would not like to have in God. Why, this is, this must be, God. I worship and I adore."

That is an illustration of the new method in theology, largely inaugurated by Henry Ward Beecher. Do you not see how much more powerful, how much more conclusive, it is? Take any number of texts and prophecies and Messianic hopes written here in the Book, and you cannot build up a theory from them which you will not sometimes doubt and sometimes reject. But build up your theories from Christian experience, and you have an absolutely invulnerable castle of truth in which to live and breathe and work. This, then, was Beecher's second contribution to modern Christian thought—to teach us where to find the sources of our theology.

I cannot do more than merely indicate the effects which flowed from these two great contentions and contributions. Will you note, then, in passing, that this method of Beecher's made theology an intensely vital and interesting study—the most vital and interesting of all studies?

When I was a youth at college, the most popular thing to say in class was that the study of theology had decayed, and that only intellectual fossils engaged themselves in its pursuit. It would be a shame unspeakable for any man in England to say that to-day. For theology has become the very center of all studies; and men are turning to it from every walk in life, as to that which most satisfies, most repays, most instructs. And the secret of it is that the theology which used to be studied was studied from books; the theology that has now won and held the intellect of Christendom is a theology studied from life.

In the second place, this method supplied the elements of certainty in religion. It threw men back upon the witness which God has placed within themselves, and lifted them, as to the certainty of their faith, above the reach of any criticism or any new development of thought. In England, except in few and inconsiderable places, it would be impossible to-day to raise any alarm, to create any heresy-hunt, because a man brought before Christendom some results of Biblical criticism, or some new interpretation of any of the great doctrines of the faith. Why? Because men have come to see that whether Jonah is a fact or a fiction does not matter; that the spiritual and ethical truth in the story is the thing of importance; that whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or not is of infinite unimportance, except as a matter of literary interest, so long as the great unfolding of the divine will is seen to be unmistakable and divine; and because men have come to see that the credibility of Christian truth finds warrant in the heart and souls of men, and not in the mere maintenance of historic propositions and theological theories. And so it has come to pass that we in England—I do not know how it is in America—that we in Eng-

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land live very calmly amid the busy development of scientific theory, amid the busier activities of Biblical criticism, amid the rearrangement of doctrinal truth. We are very calm, because we know that He in whom we live and trust is in us and with us. We know Him. We do not know merely about Him. We know Him. We walk with Him. We let Him come into the heart. There is glow, there is sunshine, there is brightness, there is hope, where He is. And so we say, "Do what you will with the mechanics of religion, you cannot take Him away from us; He is crucified in us afresh every day; He rises afresh in us every day; and, when we are willing, He sends Pentecosts of glow and power into our expectant souls. We *know* Him because we *have* Him; and our faith is sure."

The time has passed, and I must now content myself with saying in conclusion that I have laid no particular stress in this review upon Beecher's specific contributions to this or that form of Christian doctrine. I have done more, or attempted to do more: I have tried to show that he has influenced the whole spirit of theology and the whole attitude of Christian thought. Calvin's name is identified with the doctrine of Sovereignty, Luther's with the doctrine of Justification, Wesley's with the doctrine of Sanctification. You will never be able to identify the name of Beecher with any one single doctrine. But this we do in England—this I trust and believe you do in America: You recognize that this man held so much of God in him, and recognized so clearly the grace that had saved him, as to bring into the whole realm of theologic thought a new spirit, a new outlook, which broke down ancient superstitions, and made the way clear for men to work in new constructions, solid and beautiful, of Christian truth and Christian hope. His was the influence of leaven in the meal. Sometimes it is the fate—shall I not say it is the glory?—of such workers as he, soon to be lost on the page of history as a mere name, and to live, as he often longed to live in life, obscure, unnoticed of men, with his work for his joy and his Master for his reward. But whether the name of Beecher goes down on the page of history as one of the creative personalities or not, of this I am assured: his spirit will go down, and it will be a spirit making for peace, breadth, charity, yea, a spirit making for the recognition of Christ, the love of Christ, the surrender of the heart to Christ, and issuing through that surrender into emancipation and enlargement of thought, of service, of personal and sacred experience.

Accept, then, my friends, these fragmentary utterances of one who knew and loved your pastor, and who knew and loved him well enough to know that, as he is here with us to-day, he is well content at the absence of mere personal eulogy, and at the exaltation of those great truths and wise methods for which he pleaded. Mr. Beecher is gone from you, and gone from the world, as a corporeal presence; but his influence still lives and operates in many hearts and lands. Here in this building, where the echoes of his voice still linger, that influence is obvious and potent. Beyond this building, outreaching even the expansive coasts of this vast continent, that influence is not less effective because less specifically recognizable. He lives, here where he was known, beyond, where he was not known, in the work he accomplished, in the thoughts he uttered, in the spirit he breathed. But if he is to continue to live, it must be through you, and through us who caught so many inspirations from his heart. And the most permanent, as it will be the most honoring, memorial we can rear to him will be to obey as well as learn his teaching, and to translate into renewed and sanctified life the credible and beautiful Gospel which he preached with such power and exhibited with such grace during forty sacred years in this house.

❀

Living

"How to make lives worth living?"
The question haunts us every day;
It colors the first blush of sunrise,
It deepens the twilight's last ray.
There is nothing that brings us drearier pain
Than the thought "We have lived, we are living,
in vain."

We need each and all to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Towards soothing the moan of earth's
hunger;
And we know that then only we live
When we feed one another as we have been fed
From the hand that gives body and spirit their
bread.

Our lives, they are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves on the whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved forever.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

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The Man from London[1]

By W. J. Dawson

ONCE a year there was always a crowd at the old Meeting-house in Barford, for on that day Plumridge Green added its forces to the Barford congregation. The occasion was a great one. It was to hear a man from London. It was well within the bounds of possibility that quite as good a man might have been found in Belchester, but this was a hypothesis which at that time no one had ever ventured to discuss. Even to have suggested it would have roused scorn and contempt, and he who so dared would have instantly earned the reputation of a cantankerous fellow who had set himself against the traditions of the elders. On this point Barford stood firm. The man who preached the annual sermon must come from London. It didn't matter much who he was; but come from London he must.

It was not that Barford always found unqualified pleasure in the sermon. On the contrary, it was very freely criticised when the man from London had departed, and Davy Lumsden rarely failed to explain that its imperfections were numerous and startling. But even Davy, when the committee met to select the next year's preacher, was as strong as anybody else on this primary qualification, that he must come from London.

In the days before Mr. Shannon had entirely gauged the peculiarities of his people, he had once inadvertently suggested that they might try Bunting of Belchester, whose local reputation had been of a soberly meteoric kind. But the discussion which ensued soon opened his blind eyes to the depth of his error.

Davy undertook to explain the situation, and he did so in a single sentence. The sentence was this: "But what about the bills?"

"Well, what about them?" retorted the minister, who in those early days still cultivated a tendency to strict logic, which he had not yet learned was a form of mental activity better suited to colleges than committees.

"Why, you can't say 'Bunting of Lonnun,' can you?" said Davy.

"Certainly not," said the minister.

"Though I've know'd such things done. The St. Colam folk did it once. They got a man from up Southminster way, to save expense, and put after his name 'From Lonnun.' They thought as no one 'ud know no better, but they did. They know'd as he didn't come in by the Lonnun train, and they saw as there warn't no Lonnun label on his portmanny. An' they wouldn't go to hear 'un."

"I don't understand what that has to do with the question," said Mr. Shannon, stiffly.

"Well, it's like this," continued Davy, serenely. "It's Lonnun as does it. 'Tain't the man, it's Lonnun. The biggest fool from Lonnun is more good to we than the wisest man from Belchester. Folks do look at they bills, particerlar they Church folk, an' say, 'Well, we'll go to hear he, because he be from Lonnun.' 'Tain't so much like encouragin' Dissent somehow, as it 'ud be if the man come from Belchester. An' what I want to know is, 'what about the bills?' How 'ud they kind o' strike the public mind, so to speak, if there warn't no word about Lonnun on 'em?"

This was a point of view not to be gainsaid. Mr. Shannon remembered that when he had preached for the first time at Barford, as a candidate, he had been announced as "from London," and the type in which London was printed was much larger than the type which announced his own humble name to the public. For the first time he caught a glimpse of the main reason of his success, and it amused and mollified him.

So it was henceforth a settled principle that the annual preacher should be metropolitan. Johnny Button did indeed suggest that '*from near London*' would look quite as well on the bills, and, as that was an elastic term, a great deal might be done to widen the field of choice. Every one knew that this was merely a sly dig at Davy, who would have done almost anything to save expense. But Davy, whose financial genius always shone supreme on committees, found no difficulty in proving that what you saved upon the railway fare you would infallibly lose in the collection. Besides which, it would lay you open to the insinuation on the part of the Church folk that Dissent no longer had in London any preachers worthy of a Barford anniver-

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sary; to say nothing of the more painful contingency that Barford might follow the example of the St. Colam folk, and "refuse to hear 'un."

On the April morning when the man from London was expected, there was usually a great stir of quiet expectation in the air. Mumsley, the grocer, always met him at the station, for Mumsley was the only man who had a pony-cart, and in the calculation of traveling expenses the sixpence charged by the "White Lion" 'bus was not included. Besides which this was the chief adventure of the year for Mumsley, who was a man of such strong clerical proclivities that he never appeared in public without a white tie and a coat which had an obvious cousinly relationship to the orthodox clerical garment. It was well known that Mumsley never went to the station to look after a barrel of sugar without arraying himself in semi-priestly raiment, and his proudest memory was that once, when traveling by error in a second-class carriage on the other side of Belchester, he had been mistaken for the incumbent of a neighboring village. The man from London never failed to single him out at once as the person sent to meet him. But if he had, there could have been no corresponding error on Mumsley's part. Thirty years' practice in the art had long ago taught him precisely the sort of shiny black leather bag which might be confidently suspected of containing a sermon, a night-shirt, and a pair of faded wool slippers, worked long ago by the ladies of an admiring congregation. Mumsley was so perfectly fitted by nature and by training for the duty of producing a good impression on the man from London that no one would have thought of superseding him, and even Mr. Shannon, who was slow to learn the Barford niceties of etiquette, felt that it would look like an injustice to Mumsley had he offered to accompany him to the station.

But it was in the quiet manse up the Meeting-house yard that the full force of this annual excitement was felt. This was the true cyclonic center.

For a week before the man from London came there was a turning-out of the house, so diligent and so destructive of tranquillity that poor Mr. Shannon used to say that he was hunted from room to room like a partridge on the mountains. For this week the will of Mrs. Shannon was supreme. There was no exemption even for the study. Papers were bundled indiscriminately into the wrong drawers, books were thrust into the handiest places on the shelves, in direct defiance of their natural affinities, and sermons were so cleverly concealed that it was months afterwards before their whereabouts were discovered. Floors were scrubbed, linen was mended, lavender was put into the best bed, windows were polished till they shone again. It was a standing remark in Barford that Mr. Shannon was sure to visit his flock in April, if he did so at no other time.

The night before the anniversary Mr. Shannon was invited to inspect his regarnished house, and was expected to express delight in the same.

"I'm sure it looks beautiful," Mrs. Shannon would say, as she stood with tired hands meekly folded.

"But isn't it just a little cold without a fire, dear?"

"Oh, how can you say so, John? I'm sure it's quite a warm night. And besides, you know we really can't have a fire lit till to-morrow. Fires make so much dust that I should have all my work to do over again."

This was conclusive, and the minister, whose blood had not been warmed by a week's scrubbing of floors, shivered in silence.

"Come and see the study, dear. You wouldn't know it, it looks so tidy."

It did look tidy; there was no doubt of it. A perfectly clean piece of blotting-paper lay upon the desk, and a perfectly clean pen lay beside it. There was an odor of borax in the air.

"But I don't see my pipe, Susan."

"Oh, it's in the cupboard. It looks so bad for a stranger to see pipes lying about. He might suppose you were always smoking."

"Is it a new carpet you've got, dear?"

This was an annual remark which he was expected to make; it was of the nature of a delicate compliment.

"Why, no, dear. It's only turned. The part with the hole in it, that used to be under the window, is under your desk, where no one can see it. It's a great improvement, isn't it?"

This was a proposition to which he could yield sincere agreement. But he had different views concerning the position of the desk.

"I don't like the desk in that corner, dear. There's no light there, and I sha'n't be able to write at it."

"Yes, but you see, John, I couldn't help that. That's the place where the hole was, you know."

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A similar revolution had been effected in each room, but the controlling principle in every case appeared to be the exigencies of the carpet. It was manifest that wherever the carpet was shabby something must be put over it. Thus it happened that the couch in the drawing-room now stood immediately under the central plaster bulb that adorned the ceiling. There had been some paraffin oil spilt on this particular spot during the early part of the year. But, as Mrs. Shannon explained, it was quite customary nowadays to put the couch in the center of the room instead of against the wall. Of course the Splashetts didn't do it, but then Mrs. Trevarton did; and as Mrs. Trevarton had an aunt living in London, no doubt she imported her notions direct from the latest fashions of the metropolis.

"I expect the minister's room is arranged that way in London," she concluded. "It will be nice for him to see that we know how to do things properly in the country."

In the course of the evening the Splashetts and Mrs. Trevarton called. They always did so, for a reason which was very well understood but never expressed. They wished to see for themselves that the manse was in proper order. They felt that it was of the highest importance that the reputation of Barford should not suffer in the eyes of the man from London. Mrs. Trevarton was a little scornful in her survey, being conscious that her own drawing-room was vastly superior, and that by rights the man from London should have been her guest. Dorcas Splashett contented herself with running her finger along the window-ledge to discover any dust that might have lurked there unsuspected. She also viewed the position of the couch with cold disfavor. She had long ago observed the stain in the carpet, and was well enough aware of the reason why the couch had been torn from its natural environment against the wall.

"It's all very well," she observed to Priscilla, as they went home. "But it's a newfangled way I don't like. Besides, when any one sits upon it, it's ten chances to one that it'll get pushed back, and then every one'll see why it was put there. I'd rather be honest any day than be found out like that. You may depend upon it Mrs. Shannon 'll be in a fever all day for fear some one 'll push that couch back."

Mrs. Trevarton, whose discernment did not carry her so far, simply sniffed at the arrangement, seeing in it a feeble attempt to copy her own superior methods.

"It looks well enough when the couch is a good one," she said to her husband that night; "but when it's only a poor old rep thing like that, it's simply exposing its shabbiness. Besides, I know that one of its legs is weak, for I sat on it to find out. It never ought to be sat on, an' if it was mine I'd push it out of the way where no one 'ud think o' sitting on it."

The approach of the man from London was heralded in a variety of ways.

When Mumsley's pony-cart appeared in the street about noon, it was generally understood that certain intelligence had been received that the man from London was really on his way. The train was not due at the junction till half-past one, and Mumsley's pony was capable of covering the distance in a quarter of an hour. But Mumsley was a man who knew the art of getting the most out of his sensations, and liked to approach the crisis of the year by deliberate stages. He also knew what was expected of him. There was always a more or less acute suspicion in some minds that the man from London might not come after all. It was not until the pony-cart was wheeled out into the street that this suspicion was felt to be unfounded.

The pony followed the cart at about the space of half an hour. The animal was ostentatiously put into the shafts, in the full observation of the street. When all was complete, one and another would stroll up to the cart and address Mumsley with a false air of nonchalance.

"He's comin', then?"

"Ay, ay. He'll just be gettin' near Belchester."

"Do 'ee know what he's like?"

"No, this is a new 'un. A young man, as I'm told, but amazin' clever. They Belchester people 'll be rare an' mad if they should see him a-comin' through the station, an' think as they might ha' had him if they'd been sharp enough to speak for him sooner."

"Well, they can't get him to stop now. They'll hev' to come to Barford if they want to hear 'im."

"That's so, sonny," Mumsley would conclude, complacently, as he pulled on his black kid gloves. On ordinary occasions he wore common tan driving gloves, but when he met the man from London he always wore the pair which he reserved for funerals.

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At regular distances along the road to the station children stationed themselves, and certain grown people, who might have been supposed to have something better to do, strangely discovered that it was as near to go home to dinner by the station road as any other, which was manifestly absurd to a mathematical mind.

Observations would be shouted up the road in shrill voices.

"I've seed the smoke of her."

"I can hear her a-rumbling."

"She's in the tunnel. There's the whistle. She's stopped now."

After this, expectant silence fell upon the scene. It was not until the distant grind of wheels on the gravelly road disturbed the stillness that speech broke out again.

"I can see 'im."

"He's a-comin'."

"Here he be, sure enough."

There was a rush of feet up the lane, and one by one each little sentinel deserted his post to join the throng that ran behind Mumsley's pony-cart. As the cart rattled over the bridge the escort grew till it was a triumphant procession in miniature. In the cart sat a pale young man, with a shiny black leather bag upon his knees. It was a solemn moment when the cart drew up at the broad brick gateway that led to the manse and Meeting-house. It is impossible to judge accurately what a man is like by merely seeing him in a pony-cart. It is not until he stands bodily on the pavement that you can really be assured that his legs are spindly, and that his boots are town-made and quite new.

Inside the manse the dinner was already waiting, for the service began in three-quarters of an hour. The pale young man was led triumphantly to the room prepared for him, which he thought rather small and bare. The sweet scent of lavender was entirely wasted on him. He did not observe it, and did not know what it was. It is a long time since lavender grew in Hoxton and Hackney.

At the foot of the stair stood Mrs. Trevarton's servant, who had been borrowed for the day, holding in her hands a dish of potatoes carefully covered with a napkin, and ready to plump it on the table at the least sign of the young man's step upon the landing. It was a great disappointment to Mrs. Shannon to find that when the young man came down he declined her best dishes. He explained that he never ate before preaching. When she innocently remarked that Mr. Shannon never preached so well as after a full meal, he smiled sadly, as if in gentle deprecation of a pleasant form of barbarism, from which he was long ago emancipated. That smile was so disconcerting that it quite spoiled the meal. But, after all, you cannot expect the sermons of a man from London to be produced by the same methods as the quite ordinary sermons of so ordinary a man as Mr. Shannon. On reflecting over the matter afterwards, Mrs. Shannon felt sad to think she had been so wanting in tact as to make such a suggestion.

I think it was this pale young man who finally destroyed the tradition that only a man from London was equal to the honors of a Barford anniversary. He preached so learned a discourse on the perils of science that Davy Lumsden, whose mind was supposed to be equal to the most abstruse problems, grunted quite offensively, and at last fell into an ostentatious sleep.

There were some people, of course, who thought it very fine, on the principle that the less you understand of a thing, the more wonderful it may be supposed to be. But when the committee met next year, old Mr. Potterbee summed up the general feeling when he said: "It's Christ we want to hear about, for if a preacher doesn't bring Christ nearer to us when he preaches, what's the use of preaching?"

"Yes," said Davy Lumsden, "London's getting too fine for we. After all, I like a man to talk our sort o' talk, howiver clever he may be."

Since that discussion Barford has been content to go to Belchester for its annual preacher; though, as Mumsley says, "he can't never feel the same about meetin' a man from Belchester as he would a man from London."

The black kid gloves are never worn now. Common tan are manifestly good enough for a man from Belchester.

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Whatever children read, let us see that it is good of its kind and that it gives variety, so that no integral want of human nature shall be neglected, so that neither imagination, memory, nor reflection shall be starved. I own it is difficult to help them in their choice when most of us have not learned to choose wisely for ourselves. A discriminating taste in literature is not to be gained without effort, and our constant reading of the little books spoils our appetite for the great ones.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

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Music and Noise

By Kate Elizabeth Clark

TO one returning to the city, after a quiet stay in the country, the contrast between Nature's music and the city's noise may easily recall that mighty antiphon in "Paradise Lost" where the "songs of the redeemed" were answered by the "shouts that tore hell's conclave."

We have, perhaps, been spending long days by the seashore, or in the mountains, or in some Quaker nook where the raveled sleave of care could be knit up to decent length. Day after day we have listened to that giant outdoor organ, the ocean, as it rolled forth a majestic climax, or lapsed into silvery murmuring of rest; or, lingering in the forest, we have noted the tones and semitones of rustling leaves and waving boughs and singing brooks, and marked the voices of the birds, each bird expressing in its song its own individuality, its own mood of love or hate, of faith or peace or unrest. Or we have lain upon some hillside, and, inhaling the warm, cheerful odors of grass and vine and shrub steeped in sunlight, we have harkened to a myriad insects fifing, humming, fiddling, strumming—grasshoppers, crickets, gnats, and bees, each earnestly playing his tiny instrument in a miniature orchestra, until, as Burroughs would say, the air is canopied with musical sound.

And, so listening, our minds have been refreshed, our ears soothed, and our nerves restored to normal calm. Then we return to the city, to the center of culture, refinement, art, and music!

What a concatenation of discords to greet us! The clanging of iron bars in the carts, the rumbling of the cable-car and the clanging of its gong, the whiz and grumble of the elevated trains and the strident shouts of the trainmen, the creaking and grating of ferry-boats against the wharves, the bumping against the piers, the clanking of chains, the banging of luggage, the clamor of street cries, and the general roar and rush and rattlety-bang of a chaotic mixture of vehicles, iron-shod horses, and tramping men—a wild orchestral pandemonium, injurious to the delicate organs of hearing, ruinous to the nerves, and subversive of the true ends of civilization.

The strain of life in a city is quite tense enough without this added strain of constantly trying to endure a series of unpleasant sounds. The effort unconsciously made to endure them helps to reduce the vital force, every atom of which should be husbanded for the great purpose of living. The effect upon invalids has frequently been dwelt upon, but not the effect upon public-school children compelled to study in the midst of the clattering over cobblestones, nor the effect upon thinkers, scientists, and literary men in general, artists and musicians. Who can, indeed, measure effects? Who can know how many confused recitations result from a strained or divided attention; know how much of the wrangling and scolding among nervous women may be due to their familiarity with harsh sounds, or know how far divorces, murders, and suicides may be helped along by the gradual undermining of the powers of resistance. Certainly there are on record cases of illness aggravated unto death by noises from which circumstances permitted no escape, and cases of suicide and insanity from similar causes. If, as Schopenhauer says, the measure of a nation's civilization is its aversion to noise, are we not still in a state of semi-barbarism? For determined aversion does not mean passive endurance.

It is true that since Dr. Gardiner's article last year first formulated an undercurrent of public feeling many articles have been written in this country, as well as in England, France, Germany, and Italy; an Anti-Noise Society has been established in this city, and the Health Board here has taken certain definite steps toward the suppression of "any sounds which are detrimental to the health of the people." But all this is only a drop in the bucket. There must be a fullness to overflow before the tide of sentiment can sweep onward to cleanse and purify. A similar agitation began in London in 1889, and a writer in "Good Words" bears witness to the lengthy correspondence in influential journals "as to the abuse of railway whistles and other city noises." Yet the railway whistle still exists in all its pristine impudence, and other noises have not diminished to a remarkable extent; although London is now, it must be acknowledged, a far quieter city than New York. Our present interest in the subject, we should

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bear in mind, is so far only a spasmodic imitation, not even a revival. Nearly all the articles in newspapers and magazines are amplifications of theories and protestations long ago set forth. But if we have not much that is new to say, we can enlarge profitably upon the fact—which cannot be too strongly insisted upon—that most of the necessary noises of the city are not necessary as we hear them. They can be modified, if not suppressed. They can be adjusted to us, instead of our being adjusted to them.

Fog-horns, whistles, fire-bells, ambulance-bells, train calls, and similar sounds, which at present are necessary, may be so changed as to become pleasant to the ear. Cable-car gongs may sound a low musical note or a series of melodic intervals. All church-bells may be attuned to and rung in harmony. If a door must be slammed as an outlet to ill temper, it can be slammed to good purpose if a musical tone is produced thereby; and if all doors in a house emit notes of one majestic chord, they may all be slammed together with impunity, evolving harmony from discord. Rocking-chairs need no longer creak dismally on hotel piazzas, but may even be made to play soothing airs, and the cradle may sing its own musical lullaby. That these are not fantastical imaginings is proved by the experiments of Dr. Paul Riverra, a learned physician of Munich, who has devoted much time to scientific research, and who has exhibited in his laboratory curious musical contrivances which may aid in curing nervous diseases. Now, if all such improvements are added to the quiet which may result from deadening the road-beds under railway trains, introducing noiseless switch-engines, using asphalt instead of granite pavements, placing rubber tires on vehicles and rubber shoes on horses, compelling tradesmen to deliver goods without unnecessary noise, and suppressing all unnecessary sounds, the resulting atmosphere will do more than drugs or doctors can do to steady the nerves of high-strung citizens, and will help to remove from us the stigma of being an over-nervous race.

In such atmosphere of quiet, too, we might hope for the long-desired change in the American woman's voice, now so often harsh and unmelodious from screaming above the din of cars and stony streets. To expect silence, under even the most trying circumstances, from the American woman would not be reasonable, nor perhaps desirable; but if the surroundings were properly prepared, we might rejoice in hearing once more the low sweetness of the old-time gentlewoman's voice—a voice which still lingers in the ears of those who were fortunate enough to hear it in the past, and who, still more fortunate, may sometimes hear it now.

The therapeutic value of pleasant sounds is so well understood that to enlarge upon it is unnecessary. Assertions in regard to it are no longer received with smiles of derision, but, save by the ignorant, are listened to with respect. The experiments in French and London hospitals, particularly those in the London Temperance Hospital and those under the direction of Canon Herford and Dr. Blackburn in London, have removed any present doubt as to the benefit afforded to a certain class of patients by the right kind of music at the proper time. Hospitals and insane asylums everywhere, in fact, are beginning to recognize the truth long ago expressed by the great reformer Luther when he declared that "music is a discipline, a mistress of order and good manners; she makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable." And if of this value to the normal man, how much more to the abnormal!

As general reforms are brought about only by individual effort, it is imperative that, in trying to effect a transition from injurious noise to harmony and peace, each should appoint himself a committee of one to first reform himself and then his fellow-men. The Athenian orator did not consider it beneath his dignity to have an attendant stand behind him with a tonorium to regulate the pitch of the orator's voice, so that it might not rise above an agreeable sound, or be brought down if lost in a transport of passion. Unfortunately, we have not yet reached the civilization of the Greeks. In associating music so intimately with oratory, with poetry, with gymnastics, and with all the functions of public and private life, in eloquently expressing the ethical value of music, in subtle theories concerning the relation of music to good government, they forestalled the best ideas that are advanced to-day. Poet, philosopher, historian, musician, each has left his testimony on record. True, the Greeks, after their seven simple modes had expanded to fifteen, did not seem to understand them quite well enough themselves to leave a clear explanation for the benefit of posterity; but that is a minor detail. Nor had they centuries at command for a practical working out of all their theories; but that is the fault of time,

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Their theories were in the main correct. And as a nation they enforce the lesson that the true development of music is intimately associated with civilization; and their history teaches that as the respect for law and morality declined, so also declined the appreciation of music from the ideal standpoint. Music became finally, in the decadent days, a thing for quibbles and disputations, until the feeling for its pure loveliness died away and all chance of its development ceased.

Ptolemy, Aristides, and Aristoxenus agreed in substance with Plato that nothing could more strongly influence man's innermost feelings than melody and rhythm, and that the strength and vigor which gymnastics imparted to the body music imparted to the soul. Plato repeatedly dwells upon the fact that "rhythm and harmony teach it (the soul) measure and control." But, in advance of these thinkers, the father of Greek philosophy, Pythagoras, had conceived the beautiful theory of the music of the spheres—that the movements of the heavenly bodies and their distance from the world's center were governed by musical and mathematically determinate intervals, the planetary revolution producing, therefore, a harmony intelligible to the initiated. With all our provings and disprovings since, we have never succeeded in improving upon this sublime conception, in which the attempt was so bravely made to hold that secret which so constantly eludes our grasp, the oneness of all nature. We have more respect for this theory, once regarded as so fanciful, when we note that all our recent discoveries as to color, light, sound, motion, show that they are but manifestations of one great law of vibration.

After the long lapse of centuries from the palmy days of Greek civilization, we have at last, taken all in all, reached the vantage-ground whence we see that no possible benefit can result from noise. Is it not time for us to move on upward, and see that the higher virtues are not bred by discords?

It is a curious fact that the natural sounds in field and wood, by the brook or by the ocean, are never irritating even to an invalid, however monotonously they may be repeated. They are always musical sounds, sounds which form the basic tones of our great complicated modern musical art. Can we not learn a lesson from Nature, if we scorn the Greeks? For Nature understands the value of proportion, and teaches constantly the relation of cause and effect.

Hampton Institute

The thirtieth year of work for negroes and Indians lately began at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. The school is crowded in every department with better material than ever before, while three or four hundred applicants have been turned away either for lack of room or inability to meet the requirements. The new trade school, which has been in successful operation for a year, has had many additions. The Institute is becoming more and more known as a fitting-school for leaders of the Indian and negro races, especially for those who seek to elevate the masses of their people. This fact finds apt illustration this year in the admission to Hampton's normal department of two graduates of Northern high schools who wish to learn the conditions in the South. Several graduates of last year are taking special courses to fit themselves for certain lines of work. One is preparing himself to teach bricklaying and plastering, another is taking a business course in the school treasurer's office so that he may be able to fill the position of bookkeeper in a Southern school next year, and others have entered the normal department to take two years' training in teaching.

There are one thousand students in the five departments of the school—the academic and normal, trade, agriculture, domestic science, and primary. Of these about two hundred are new students, forty of them Indians, including Sioux, Chippewas, Oneidas, Poncas, Senecas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, and Winnebagoes. The boys outnumber the girls two to one, but it is believed that this ratio will change when the new domestic science building, now in course of erection, is completed. This building, to which reference has been already made in the pages of The Outlook, is to cost between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, of which thirty-five thousand have already been subscribed. It is to accommodate the departments of agriculture and domestic science.

It is proposed to establish model homes, in connection with these departments, in different sections of the country, so that not only may the pupils in school study the economic problems of food supply and scientific farming, but that the school may also reach out and feel the sociological pulse of the community, and give object-lessons in home-making and the cultivation of land.

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Books and Authors

Books About Books[1]

Mr. Arlo Bates has been a careful and successful practitioner of the art of literature, which he discusses at considerable length and in a very interesting fashion in his new volume of "Talks on the Study of Literature." These talks were originally delivered as lectures under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. They have been revised, in part rewritten, and now, in book form, constitute a coherent and logical discussion of the general subject of literary study of the functions and nature of literature. This is an old theme much written about of late, but it is a theme which is still to be adequately treated. There was, therefore, abundant room for this volume, which comes from one trained alike in the theory and practice of the art. The chapters are pleasantly informal in character, and the title of the book is a felicitous one. Instead of using the didactic method, Mr. Bates speaks directly to his readers, as he probably spoke to his hearers, using a conversational tone, and talking to them rather than addressing them. His view of literature is thoroughly sane and wholesome. It is based on ample knowledge of the subject, and it is expounded in a very clear and orderly fashion. From some of his specific judgments many readers will dissent, but his general conclusions will carry conviction to the great majority of those who follow his discussion to the end. He discusses the nature of literature, the reason why we study it, how we should study it; he has some admirable things to say about the classics and their value; and he talks interestingly about fiction and poetry.

The portly volume into which has been put a large selection of the Boston Browning Society Papers will command the attention of all students of the poet. It is hardly necessary to say that the Boston Browning Society has twelve years of active, sympathetic, and unusually intelligent work behind it. It represents all shades of opinion, but it represents also a very high average of literary and philosophical knowledge, and a high average also of literary skill. Among the contributors to this volume are Colonel Higginson, Professor Royce, Dr. Rolfe, Henry Jones, George Willis Cooke, Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., C. C. Everett, William C. Lawton, Miss Vida D. Scudder, and other well-known literary and philosophical students. The papers cover a great variety of subjects, including Browning's Theism, his Art in Monologue, his Philosophy of Art, his Theory of Romantic Love, his Dramatic Qualities, his Optimism, the Classical in his Poetry, and the Nature Elements in his Poetry, with studies on special subjects, such as "Strafford," "Caliban upon Setebos," "Luria," "Sordello." A good deal of the work done by Browning clubs is necessarily ephemeral in value and interest, but there are many papers in this volume which are worth permanent preservation because of their intelligence, their insight, and their appreciation.

[1] *Talks on the Study of Literature.* By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.
Boston Browning Society Papers. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

The Gospel of the Holy Ghost[1]

A capital sequel to Dean Luckock's "Footprints of the Son of Man as Traced by Saint Mark" is his "Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by Saint Luke in the Acts." The author originally intended to publish these volumes under the appropriate title of "The Gospel of the Holy Ghost," but this designation would hardly interpret itself to the public generally. The other title is, after all, the more practical one, especially in connecting this work with its worthy predecessor. Dean Luckock is certainly a generous man in acknowledging at considerable length, and with much minuteness, his obligation to those who have treated the history, or part of it, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles—to Professor Ramsay, Dr. Goulburn, Messrs. Wood, Smith, and others. Valuable as have been the volumes which these greater specialists have written, no one of them as a commentary can quite take the place of Dean Luckock's work. It stands by itself a permanent contribution to our knowledge of the primitive church. Together with such admirable textual criticism as that of Dr. Rawson Lumby, for instance (in the Cambridge "Greek Testament"), Dean Luckock's volumes make a good little library on the Acts.

[1] *Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by Saint Luke in the Acts.* By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D., Dean of Litchfield. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 2 Vols. $3.50.

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We do not always remember that in this Book Saint Luke has left us an account of almost every essential feature of the whole constitution of the early Church. With great perspicuity our author points out the Book's twofold value; it not only sets forth the polity of the Church, but it connects it throughout all development with the agency of the Holy Ghost. The Third Person of the Trinity is introduced into the narrative about fifty times. As to the ecclesiastical polity, we find frequent references to such features as the Ministry, Ordination, Public Worship, Forms of Prayer, the Ordinance of Preaching, Baptism, the Daily Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Right of Confirmation, Synodical Action, the Observance of Sunday, and the Catholicity of the Church. The last phrase is frequently emphasized.

Ancient India[1]

Professor Oldenberg's "Ancient India" is a volume of worth entirely out of proportion to its small size. The capital translation is by Professor Gunlogsen, of Tacoma, Washington, and by Dr. Otto Weyer, of Elmira, New York. The first part of the book has to do with the Study of Sanskrit, a science only about a century old. The effective impulse to the study was given by Sir William Jones; and while Professor Oldenberg has much to say about the English impetus, he has more interesting words concerning the German scholars who later bent their energies to the work—Max Müller, Roth, Weber, etc. It was natural that the first movement toward the founding of Hindu research should have been the work of Englishmen, but it was not less natural that the institution of further progress should be accorded to Germans. Professor Oldenberg then deals with the religion of the Veda, and gives us a concise statement of how the gods and myths of earliest India became accessible to research when that research possessed itself of the Rig-Veda, a collection of more than a thousand hymns. Here, again, the honors belong first of all to English investigators, and only after them to German. An explanation and discussion of Buddhism occupies the rest of the book. It is interesting to note how the forms of mental expression in which the thought of Buddhist monks revolved possess an almost contemporary double upon Greek soil. It is plainly no mere accident that a harmony between the ideas of two people, so widely separated both in space and in national characteristics, should be so accentuated. While there is a supernatural nimbus surrounding the life of Buddha, and Pythagoras and Plato are merely earthly figures, yet we must believe that Pythagoras drew his doctrines, if not from Buddhistic, at all events from closely related Indian sources; we know that Plato's idea was also the Buddhist's—namely, that the seeker gains possession of the knowledge of salvation in the sudden inspiration of one incomparable instant of time. "The Buddhist enlightened one, like the philosopher of Plato, continues to live on earth as a completed being who, in his most fundamental nature, is now no longer an earthly citizen." Professor Oldenberg carries his comparison still further, and tells us of an assumption that Buddhistic prototypes underlie extensive portions of the Gospels, and that either at Alexandria or at Antioch the intercourse of Christian writers with Buddhistic envoys led to the introduction of a large number of stories, proverbs, and parables from Indian literature into that of the New Testament.

[1] *Ancient India: Its Languages and Religions.* By Professor H. Oldenberg. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

Books of the Week

[The Books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending November 5. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. Marion Crawford has not since his first success, "Mr. Isaacs," written a novel of stronger plot-interest than *Corleone*. This is not saying that his latest novel is his best, for, in fact, the earlier books in the Saracinesca series, to which "Corleone" belongs, have stronger characters and a closer study of social conditions. The present novel is, however, remarkable for the way in which the dramatic stress is maintained from beginning to end. It is perhaps open to the charge of sensationalism; it certainly has an over-sufficiency of crime and tragedy; but as to its continuous grasp on the reader's attention there is never a moment's doubt. The main subject is Sicilian brigandage, and the contrasting background is that Roman society about which the author has before written so much and so well. No one can deny that Mr. Crawford knows Sicily, and when he tells us that brigandage and the vendetta exist there in practically the same form as when

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Prosper Mérimée described them a generation ago, we must accept his testimony, extraordinary as are the stories told. Working in and through the action of the plot is a subtle study of heredity and tendency. Mr. Crawford still maintains his practice of now and then holding his characters up on the point of his pen, as it were, and deliberately analyzing their motives; he is almost the only living writer of fiction who can do this thing in this way without wearying his readers. Taking "Corleone" all in all, we believe it will exceed in popular liking any of the author's recent novels. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The author of "Lorna Doone" also has not written since that really uniquely charming romance any story in which there has been such a well-sustained plot as has his new novel *Dariel*. In this respect, while by no means the equal of "Lorna Doone" or even "The Maid of Sker" and one or two other less well-known early stories by Mr. Blackmore, the present book is much better constructed than "Perlycross," its immediate predecessor. Here Mr. Blackmore gives the reader a striking contrast between sleepily amiable rural life in Surrey and wild blood-feuds and savage crimes among the tribes of the Caucasus. In the first and more familiar field we have again the leisurely humor, the slow evolution of character, the constant agreeable divagations from the matter in hand to sly comments on men and things; in the latter a rush of tragic happenings which rival the romantic episodes in the Hope and Weyman schools of fiction. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Under the title *In the Permanent Way* Mrs. Flora A. Steele publishes another collection of story-sketches of Indian life. Even more than in her great novel of the Mutiny is there evident in these and former tales the author's marvelous knowledge of the outer and inner life of Mussulmans and Brahmins, servants and masters, lovers of the ancient ways and students of Western manners. Above all, she knows about the women of India, and through this knowledge she enters a field which Mr. Kipling only touches. One wishes sometimes that her manner were simpler and more direct, and her sentences more carefully constructed. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

When shall we reach the limits of Scotch dialect? We are sure that neither Scott, nor Burns, nor Barrie, nor Ian Maclaren had the same dialect we find in Lord Ernest Hamilton's *The Outlaws of the Marches*. On one page we find "cockle-cintit wallidrag," "chuffie-cheekit kerndollie," and "goaring;" and on the next "skaff," "fag-me fuffs," and "ginnaguid bit hallick." The author has mercifully added a glossary, but still the book is "gey" hard to read. Dialect apart, the tale has some spirited fighting and love-making. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Maurus Jókai's *Peter the Priest* is a high-pitched and unnatural romance of Hungary, by no means a good specimen of his versatile talent. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)—— *The Vice of Fools*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, is a story of diplomatic and social circles in Washington. It is neither very good nor very bad. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

The Son of Ingar is a tale of the very early days of Christianity. It has marked originality both in the conception of the story-idea and in the working out of the characters. The religious sentiment is strong, the brotherhood of mankind is preached quietly but effectively, and there is no discordant note of effusive or excessive piety, so common in fiction of this general class. The author is Katharine Pearson Woods. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Outlook has already commented upon the volume of Selections from the Short Stories of Edgar Allan Poe, which initiated the publication of the series of *Literary Masterpieces*, edited by Professor Bliss Perry, and published by the Doubleday & McClure Company (New York). To these have now been added two companion volumes of Selections from Washington Irving and from Nathaniel Hawthorne, each volume containing a judicious and intelligent introduction from Professor Perry, who is, for work of this kind and for other kinds of work as well, one of the best equipped and most promising of our younger students and teachers of literature. The selections are thoroughly representative, and the books extremely attractive in form. This new publishing house shows in this direction marked individuality and excellence of taste.

The King's Highway, by Amelia E. Barr, is an interesting novel, but an indifferent sociological treatise. Mrs. Barr's views on social questions are in the main those ordinarily presented in the editorials of New York dailies at the present time, or those of London dailies twenty or thirty years ago. There is, however, owing to her religious spirit, an aspiration for social reform along such lines

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as improved tenements. Her hero even holds "the brotherhood of man" as a part of his creed, though he believes that workingmen are made of such peculiar clay that the more intelligent part of them pay assessments to keep up unions, when they would be better off if, like the less intelligent, they made no sacrifices for their class and took no collective action. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The days of slavery have sunk so far into the past history of this country that a novel founded on the worst features of slavery is rather a surprise, and the reader naturally questions why it was written. *Jasper Fairfax*, by Margaret Holmes (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York), opens with the revelation of a wife's horror of the relation existing between her colored maid and her husband, which began before her marriage and continued during its entire existence. Husband and wife are injured in an accident, and the first chapter brings out the awful revelations; the daughter of the maid and husband has been adopted by the wife as her child, and yet in dying she deals the innocent girl a cruel blow which drives her into a life of sin and revenge, her revenge making the tragedy of the story.

To the new edition of the novels of Björnstjerne Björnson (The Macmillan Company, New York), has now been added in one volume *Captain Mansana, and Mother's Hands*, the first story appearing several years ago in a Danish Christmas Annual.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

The first thing that strikes the attention in opening the edition of the Bible which is called *The New Illuminated Holy Bible* is the beautiful clearness of the type; the harmony between type and size of page, the choice of head-line type, and the neatness of arrangement of side-references, combine to make the appearance exceptionally excellent, typographically speaking. A little further examination shows that the subject of illustration has received very great attention; not only are there about eight hundred original pictures, but they have, as a whole, a high degree of artistic merit and do unquestionably not only embellish but illuminate (that is, throw light upon) the text. In spirit and execution the work has been done thoroughly, and the artistic average merit is high. A concordance is included. This edition before us is bound in full Turkey, is silk-sewed, and is in every respect a remarkably fine specimen of book-making. (American Bible Union, Philadelphia.)

Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Son (New York) send us a handsomely printed edition of *The New Testament*, with two hundred illustrations, chiefly reproductions of photographs, by Bonfils and others, of scenes in Palestine. The volume is of convenient size, its type is large, and the binding strong and well put on.

In Lands Afar is a collection of three stories of missionary life and work written for young people. The tales originally appeared in the "Missionary Herald," and are now republished, with many illustrations (which are hardly as good as one could wish) under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Boston). Generally speaking, they are fairly free from that excessive pietism in expression to which such writing is prone, and they give many instructive pen-pictures of actual conditions in uncivilized and semi-civilized lands and of the lights and shadows of missionary labor.

A new book of religious and vital meditation from the hand of Dr. Watson is quite certain to present in a fresh way and with a charm of style religious truth and human experience. *The Potter's Wheel* contains sixteen short chapters which treat such subjects as "Broken Homes," "The World's Sorrow," "The Defeats of the Soul," "The Problem of Personal Suffering and Trials of Faith." Dr. Watson has both spiritual insight and a warm sympathy with his kind, and these two qualities working together make him an eminently helpful writer. The philosophy which is taught by these chapters is not novel, because it is the Christian view of life, but it is interpreted in such a way as to make it personal and consoling. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Macmillan Company have begun the publication of *The Bible* in their standard Eversley editions, an eminently tasteful and satisfactory style of book-making. The first volume contains Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and is printed without the division into chapters or verses, as a continuous piece of literature. Mr. J. W. Mackail contributes an introduction. We shall have occasion to comment more at length upon this edition at an early day.

The sixth volume in the International Theological Library, one for which Christian scholars have been looking with much anticipation, is *Christian Institutions*, by A. V. G.

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Allen, D.D. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) It apparently covers the ground covered by Dean Stanley, and later in a more scholarly way by Hatch, but brings the history of the Church to a later date and apparently covers not only more ground, but covers it more comprehensively, if not more thoroughly, than either. We reserve the volume for future consideration.

Two volumes of Present-Day Primers (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York) are Tischendorf's discussion of the question *When Were Our Gospels Written?* and *Old Testament Criticism and the Rights of the Unlearned*, "being a plea for the rights and powers of non-experts in the study of Holy Scripture," by the Rev. John Kennedy, D.D. The latter is really a plea for the traditional view of the Old Testament.——*The Pew to the Pulpit*, by David J. Brewer, LL.D. (same publishers), is a suggestive address to the students in Harvard Theological School. We have often wished that some Christian layman could deliver the Yale Lectures on Preaching for one year. This address is valuable because it is a word from the pew, and not, as most books on homiletics are, from one preacher to other preachers.

The story of the days of Henry Purcell, the choirmaster of *The Choir of Westminster Abbey*, is told by Emma Marshall. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) It is a graphic and vivid presentation of England in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

We have often referred to *Peloubet's Select Notes on the International Lessons* as a careful, valuable, and well-arranged commentary. Its usefulness has increased yearly, and the issue for 1898 (the twenty-fourth) marks the highest point of its growing excellence. Teachers and students in Sunday-school work will find this standard book an aid in almost every direction. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)

To the series of "Guild Text-Books" has been added one on *The Presbyterian Churches*, of which the Rev. J. N. Ogilvie is the English editor, while Dr. A. C. Zenos furnishes a satisfactory chapter on Presbyterianism in the United States. The historical information is given in an orderly and complete fashion, and the matter is not so compressed as to forbid considerable picturesqueness of treatment. In almost every respect it is a model handbook. (F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

The *Saint of the Southern Church* commemorated in the volume bearing that title was the Rt. Rev. Nicholas H. Cobbs, first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Alabama. The memoir includes not only a well-written sketch of a man of most interesting personality, but incidentally a valuable record of his contemporaries and of the State of Alabama in the earlier half of the century. (James Pott & Co., New York.)

ESSAYS

Mr. Norman Hapgood's *Literary Statesmen and Others* is well described by its subtitle, "Essays on Men Seen from a Distance." Two qualities strike the reader of these articles almost at a glance—intelligence and directness. Mr. Hapgood has evidently no aptitude for literary artifice or artificiality. He aims to get at the heart of his subject with a directness which is a high quality of literary integrity, and he brings a very open and intelligent mind to its study. His comment, his analysis, and his characterization are eminently intelligent, and therefore eminently sane. It is very refreshing to come upon a book which illustrates so well wide sympathy with different temperaments and occupations, with poise of judgment and candor of opinion. It would not be easy, for instance, to find a clearer impression, within a brief compass, of two men so far apart as Lord Rosebery and Stendhal than that which Mr. Hapgood gives us. His essays deserve careful reading. The volume may well be laid aside in the rush of contemporary books for leisurely acquaintance. It has also the advantage of being very artistically made. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

The eagerness with which Mrs. Dana's "How to Tell the Wild Flowers" was received by the general public led a thoughtful lover of birds to devise a book that would group the birds as Mrs. Dana did the flowers, by their color, hoping by this means to help many lovers of birds who had but little time or opportunity to observe and analyze these "little brothers of the air" to become familiar in a general way with them. *Bird Neighbors*, by Neltje Blanchan, with an introduction by John Burroughs (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York), will be welcomed by very many lovers of birds who cannot spend time with the more scientific introductions to birds. The birds are grouped in families, and are also grouped in seasons. Lists of the birds to be found in New York between certain dates are also given. The

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book contains fifty colored plates, many of them very beautiful, and introduces the reader to one hundred and fifty birds to be found in the gardens and meadows and woods about New York. The author of this book best expresses herself and the spirit of the book when she says:

> Not to have so much as a bowing acquaintance with the birds that nest in our gardens or under the very eaves of our houses, that haunt our wood-piles, keep our fruit-trees from slugs, waken us with their songs, and enliven our walks along the roadside and through the woods, seems to be, at least, a breach of etiquette toward some of our most kindly disposed neighbors.

ECONOMICS, ETC.

The Encyclopædia of Social Reform, edited by Mr. William D. P. Bliss, is an exceptionally well-planned and well-executed work. The subjects treated are so distinctively the economic, social, and political subjects in which the public is now interested that this one volume will be used for reference by writers, speakers, and students three times as often as any larger work covering the same field. Perhaps, however, it is not fair to speak of this as a one-volume work. The one volume contains over fifteen hundred pages. In fact, externally the work is not nearly so satisfactory as are its contents. Of the character of these we cannot, perhaps, give a better idea than by describing the first pages to which we opened. "Mortgages" was the first article to which we turned—a subject indefinitely discussed, but not presented at all in most encyclopædias. The census returns of 1890 regarding the ownership and mortgaging of farms and homes are here presented with much fullness, and the significance of the mortgages is then discussed, J. P. Dunn's brilliant article in the "Political Science Quarterly" being cited at some length to set forth the radical view, and Edward Atkinson's defense of mortgages as an indication of prosperity being cited at much length to set forth the conservative view. This quotation of conservatives at much length we afterwards found to be Mr. Bliss's systematically pursued method of preventing his own progressive sympathies from giving a partisan character to the book. The article on "Mortgages" is followed by a paragraph on Moses, stating briefly his attitude on social legislation, and referring to the article on Judaism, where this legislation is more fully presented. Then follows a biographical paragraph on Herr Most, a column article on the "Multiple Money Standard," a paragraph on Count de Mun, the leader of the French Catholic Christian Socialists, and then a long article on Municipalism and Municipal Reform, which in turn refer to articles on Berlin, Birmingham, and other cities where notable municipal experiments have been tried. These are by no means the "star" articles in the cyclopædia, and in fact include none of those contributed by eminent specialists, but they indicate the scope of the work. The only error observed in the course of our examination was in the article on "Railway Accidents," in which the percentage of employees injured each year is seriously overstated. Those who know the editor will not be surprised to find that he has done his work with a spirit unusual in encyclopædia articles, and has given to the whole volume a vitality which makes it good reading as well as a handy work of reference. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

TEXT-BOOKS, ETC.

Let no one expect to find Miss E. S. Shuckburgh's *History of Rome for Beginners* a mere abridgment of her larger work. Undoubtedly its author tried to recast the main features of Roman history in a form suitable for beginners; but for what beginners? In this and most countries children learn about the principal events in that history, but the language of this book is not that of children. Again, Miss Shuckburgh's history comprises only the period prior to the death of Augustus. Beginners' needs would be met by a primer embracing the history to A.D. 476, with quickly understood text, and with better and more frequent illustrations than those in the present volume. It is, nevertheless, a not inconsiderable help to older readers. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

An *Elementary Latin Dictionary* has been prepared by Mr. G. H. Nall, who is an assistant master at the famous Westminster School (England), for use in preparatory schools and by beginners in the study generally. It is eminently useful to young students because its vocabulary covers just those Latin authors most read by such students and only those, because it omits extended etymologies not likely to be used by beginners, and because of its admirable arrangement and clear typography. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

——From the same firm comes *Light, Visible and Invisible*, by Silvanus P. Thompson, which comprises a series of lectures delivered on the subject indicated by the title before

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the Royal Institution. The lectures are extremely popular in form, cover all the important points involved (polarization, the spectrum, lights and shadows, refraction, etc., etc.), and include a thorough and most readable chapter on the Röntgen rays. While not a text-book, this might well serve as an introduction to the systematic study of light phenomena.

Silver, Burdett & Co. (Boston) have issued a *First Reader* and a *Second Reader*, edited by Sarah L. Arnold, Supervisor of Schools in Boston, Mass., and Charles B. Gilbert, Superintendent of Schools, Newark, N. J. These primers, for such they really are, are beautifully illustrated, each having two or three pictures in color in addition to those in black and white. The editors occupy positions in the educational world which make them familiar with the needs of the primary school-room in the matter of readers. These books have grown out of the experience of the two editors. They will be found quite satisfactory by those mothers who are conducting their children's education at home.

In the "Practical Teachers' Library" *Christmas Entertainment*, edited by Alice M. Kellogg (E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York), has just been issued. Tableaux arranged for readings and music, with recitations, monologues, and charades, drills and acrostics, are all to be found in this small book.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

In *The Boys of Fort Schuyler* Mr. James Otis tells what a boy saw and went through in the Mohawk River campaign in 1777. Fort Schuyler stood on the site of the present city of Utica, and its defense against the Indians and Tories under St. Leger makes a thrilling story. The book is notably well printed and illustrated. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)

There always will be a demand for books suitable for children's reading on Sunday, and many writers have attempted, and comparatively few succeeded, in writing a book that could be considered strictly a book for this one day of the week. *Sermon Stories*, by the Rev. Louis A. Banks, D.D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York), contains several admirable Sunday stories. Each story is short. They have no text, but incidents rather are chosen as the foundation for each story. There are forty-seven stories in the book.

Chatterbox for 1897 (Estes & Lauriat, Boston) comes in its usual gay color and its prodigality of illustration. "Chatterbox" will some time print its stories in larger type. The present type is much too small for a child's story book.

Fortunate indeed are the little people who are taken into fairyland by Uncle Frank in his delightful story of *Prince Uno*. The introduction, with its little story, wins friends for the book at once. The story is told for Uncle Frank's nephew, who is very ill, one day when it is necessary that the little boy should be kept very quiet. Uncle Frank begins his story at breakfast. At the seashore he first meets the wave-riders, and becomes intimate with the Prince Uno and the Princess Ino. Delightful are the journeys into Weeboro under the guidance of the Prince. There is a suggestion of "Alice in Wonderland" in the taking of magical powders and pellets, which have the effect of making Uncle Frank very small, or his normal size, as occasion requires. Delightful also is the tragedy when Uncle Frank is seated at the Princess's table with his full-sized appetite in his tiny little body, because he had forgotten to reduce his appetite to his fairyland size. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

A collection of short stories misnamed *Ten Little Comedies*, by Gertrude Smith (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), belongs to the class of literature for children that one wishes would never be published. The children are either disagreeable little prigs, or impudent, or unnatural. There is not a story among the ten that a reader who is a lover of children could indorse, and each has some defect either of bad manners or of uneducated morals. Think of entitling a story for children "An Intercession of Nature"!

The very reverse of these tales is found in *Miss Mouse and Her Boys*, by Mrs. Molesworth. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) This is one of Mrs. Molesworth's best stories. It is the story of a little girl's influence over a group of boys. Happy, gay, and rollicking are the illustrations.

Rydal Mount, for so many years the favorite home of Wordsworth, the poet, will soon be tenanted, after a long period, by a member of his family. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Wordsworth, of whom the latter is the daughter of Mr. Henry Curwen Wordsworth, the eldest grandson of the poet, who were recently residing at Ambleside, are to go immediately to Rydal Mount. Several of the rooms are to

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be restored as far as possible to their original appearance, and fitted up in the style of fifty years ago.

Literary Notes

—In speaking lately of M. Boissier's entertaining "Country of Horace and Virgil" the price was incorrectly given. It is $2. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

—Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," is now eighty-two years old, but is still a strong man. He lives near Nottingham, England. The first edition of "Festus" appeared in 1847.

—The many readers of Professor Walter A. Wyckoff's "The Workers: An Experiment in Reality," now running in "Scribner's Magazine," will welcome the announcement that the graphic papers are to be issued in book form.

—The American Bible Society has done a good thing in issuing a new six-cent edition of the Book of Isaiah, a reprint from the Cambridge Paragraph Bible, in which the poetical portions are distinguished from the historical by the parallelistic arrangement, as in the original text.

—The new Oxford dictionary is now accessible to scholars up to three-fourths of the letter "F." It is thought that in the year 1908 it will be completed, closing the period of over forty years during which students in all parts of Great Britain have been engaged in accumulating materials.

—"Among the many things associated with the memory of Harriet Beecher Stowe," says the Milwaukee "Sentinel," "is the chair occupied by her while writing the initial chapters of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mrs. Stowe, accompanied by the Rev. Lyman Beecher, her father, was a visitor at Batavia, Ohio, many years ago, at the home of Judge Owen F. Fishback. During all the hours of her visit, and while writing, she always occupied this plain poplar chair. After Mrs. Stowe rose to fame with her book the chair was preserved and handed down as a part of history from Mrs. Fishback to Lou Buerkle, in whose possession it now remains. The back of the chair has become broken off, and all the slats are broken out of the back. The color of the chair was black. The chair is much prized by its present possessors. They relate all the historic points now connected with this plain and unassuming old-time piece of furniture."

Books Received

For the week ending November 5

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, BOSTON

In Lands Afar. (Mission Stories of Many Lands.) $1.25.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Maclaren, Ian. The Potter's Wheel. $1.25.
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The Religious World

The Westminster Standards

The Presbyterians of New York celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Westminster Standards in a series of meetings which were held in the First Presbyterian Church on Monday, November 8. The most important meeting of the celebration was on Monday afternoon, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. Professor Warfield, of Princeton, who spoke of "The Westminster Standards: Their Significance as a Creed;" the Rev. W. S. Plumer Bryan, D.D., of Chicago, who spoke on "The Westminster Standards as Tested by History;" and the Rev. F. F. Ellingwood, D.D., of New York, who spoke on "The Westminster Standards and the Evangelization of the World." The afternoon was stormy, which may account for the fact that the audience, while respectable in size, by no means filled the church. The gathering was quite as remarkable for those who were absent as for those who were present. It was distinctly a celebration on the part of the more conservative element in the Presbyterian Church. Nearly if not quite all who took part represented extreme conservatism. The preparations for the occasion, especially the musical parts, were elaborate and beyond criticism. The event in itself was worthy of the attention it received. The Westminster Standards have occupied a large and noble place in the development of the religious history of the world. Their adoption was one of the most significant facts of the Puritan movement, which Carlyle has truly called one of the greatest in the history of the world. If the celebration had been in honor of the adoption of the Westminster Standards as a stage in the spiritual progress of humanity, all who are at all acquainted with the history of the Church could have joined in it with heartiness and unanimity; but it was not such a celebration.

Professor Warfield's address, brilliantly written and fervidly delivered, was little less than a rhapsody. It was barren of discrimination, of perspective, and of the historic spirit—and extravagant from beginning to end. He made this statement: "The significance of the Westminster Standards as a creed is to be found in the three facts that, historically speaking, they are the final crystallization of the elements of evangelical religion, after the conflicts of sixteen hundred years; scientifically speaking, they are the richest and most precise and best-guarded statement ever penned of all that enters into evangelical religion, and of all that must be safeguarded if evangelical religion is to persist in the world; and, religiously speaking, they are a notable monument of spiritual religion." The positiveness of Professor Warfield's insistence that the Standards contain all that must be safeguarded if evangelical religion is to persist in the world had a strange sound even to the ears of many who listened respectfully to a fulsome and indiscriminate eulogy. Dr. Bryan was equally unqualified in his statements. One of them was in substance as follows: "In the last two hundred and fifty years there have been changes in every other department of thought and life. The science of that time is not the science of to-day, but the Westminster Standards remain in 1897 as in 1647. They have not changed, and they are believed by a larger number to-day than then." As a matter of fact, that statement cannot be verified. The smiles of amused incredulity on the faces of many at the extravagant utterances of Drs. Warfield and Bryan showed that, while the audience was respectful, it did not unanimously approve. Dr. Ellingwood's subject was less controversial. He closed his address by saying: "When men denounce reform with cursing, when scoffs at Puritanism are proclaimed as an appeal for the suffrages of the slums, we may well fear and tremble for all that is best in our institutions." The only other address to which we will refer was that of Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, which did make the proper discriminations. Dr. Hall truly emphasized the obligation of the world to the Standards, and also the fact that neither individuals nor churches can neglect the past except at their peril. At the same time, in a fine and gracious way, he insisted on the responsibilities of the present. When we hear such addresses as those of Drs. Warfield and Bryan, able though they surely were, we are reminded of the remark of the late Dr. Thomas Green, of England: "We are told we ought to be loyal to the faith of the fathers—yes, but who knows what the fathers believe *now*?"

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Berkeley Temple's Tenth Anniversary

From a Special Correspondent

Berkeley Temple, Boston, observed last week its tenth anniversary as an Institutional Church. The programme included an anniversary sermon on Sunday, November 7, by Dr. Dickinson, the pastor; a reception Monday evening by the pastors, deacons, and trustees; a conference Tuesday afternoon on "The Country Church and the City Church, their Mutual Problems;" and a meeting Tuesday evening at which addresses were made by President Tucker, of Dartmouth, Dr. Washington Gladden, and Dr. A. H. Bradford.

Unlike most events of the kind, this anniversary was made the occasion, not for reciting the notable achievements of the church and receiving congratulations, but for a serious discussion of such problems as a church like Berkeley Temple must struggle with—problems that do not concern the Temple alone, but every church attempting similar work. Dr. Dickinson sounded, in his anniversary sermon, what he would make the keynote of the whole celebration. "The redemption of the storm-centers of our civilization," he said, "is the greatest problem of our times. The other causes are good, many of them of cardinal importance, but this cause, the redemption of our massed population, is more than cardinal, it is pivotal. Around it swing all other causes in the development of our Christian civilization."

At the conference on Tuesday afternoon many admirable brief addresses were made by Congregational pastors of Boston and vicinity, and from various other parts of New England. The burden of the remarks was the similarity of the problems that confront the city church and the country church, and the need for meeting them of the new church spirit which Berkeley Temple exemplifies. The words of the Hon. Linas Child, of the Old South Church, coming as they did from the only layman that spoke, were especially significant. He said:

> Twenty-five years ago this very month the Old South Church on Washington Street was given up, and the question arose, Would any place be left for public worship for the people in that part of Boston? It was decided to investigate and find out how many people within a radius of three-quarters of a mile were church-going people. They tried this for three consecutive Sundays, and it turned out that there were four times as many vacant seats as there were occupied ones. The methods of the old churches were such that the people would not and did not attend church. The difficulty was then, and is now, that they did not meet with the sympathy and fellowship of the pastors and church members. They would come into the church, they would be welcomed and given a seat; but aside from that they felt that there was no sympathy for them there.

In the evening the large auditorium of the church was filled with a widely representative audience. President Tucker, who presided, said in a brief but interesting opening speech:

> Ten years ago we spoke in words of hope, now we are able to speak in words of accomplishment. We began with an idea; we come to-night possessed by the same idea, but reinforced mightily by a fact. The Institutional Church stands for faith in the average man. There are far too many churches that are still faithless in regard to the power of religion over the average man. It is sometimes asked why men do not go to church. I reply that men do go to the right kind of church. The Institutional Church stands also for the use of the whole of religion, and for the greatest economy of means.

Berkeley Temple by its institutional work of Christian benevolence is linking living men together into a great Christian democracy. Dr. Gladden found in the words of Paul, "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things," a suggestion of a reciprocal relation between benefactor and beneficiary. "The beneficiary," said the speaker, "must himself learn to be a benefactor, or benefactions will soon come to an end. The current of blessing cannot flow all one way; there must be counter-currents." After pointing out illustrations of this principle in the economic world, Dr. Gladden proceeded to show how the Nation and the municipality must come under the same law. He continued:

> The social capital accumulated in a city like Boston—its harbors, warehouses, exchanges, facilities for communication and transportation, its large population of working men and women ready to be employed—all this affords a great industrial opportunity. The man who uses this opportunity owes to the city which furnishes it some fair return.

Dr. Bradford, in his address, brought to a fitting close a notable evening. His theme was "The Advance Movement in Christian Work." This movement, which originated in London, dates back thirteen years to the publication of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London." It started settlements in London—Toynbee Hall, Mansfield House, Oxford House—and in other parts of England and in this country. "At the same time began what may be called the Nonconformist movement. This is but Puri-

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tanism in another guise. It says that he who governs in city or State should be just as pure as he who sits behind the bread and wine crowned table. There is also a forward movement in theology, known as 'the return to Christ.' At bottom, getting back to Christ means that the service of man is the service of God." In closing the speaker paid a warm tribute to Dr. Dickinson and congratulated the members of Berkeley Temple for their work in the past ten years.

Plymouth Church's Anniversary

The closing meetings of the Jubilee of Plymouth Church were held on Thursday evening, November 11, and Friday evening, November 12, the latter being a prayer-meeting, in which the church met quietly as a household of faith. The Thursday evening meeting was a notable one in the history of Plymouth Church, and not without wider significance. Dr. George A. Gordon, speaking on "The Theology for To-Day," emphasized the sovereignty of God as that of one whose whole will was set to accomplish love's mission; Dr. Washington Gladden, speaking on "The Social Problems of the Future," emphasized the brotherhood of man as the only solvent for political, industrial, and social difficulties; and Dr. Tucker, speaking on "The Church of the Future," emphasized the fact that the Church could save its life only by losing it, only by forgetting itself and losing itself in its service of humanity. These addresses will be published in successive issues of The Outlook, and later, with Dr. Berry's address published in this issue, and with the two addresses by Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. A. H. Bradford, delivered last spring, are to be published in book form by Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. When so brought together, we believe that they will be found to have indicated with clearness, if not the goal to which, at least the direction in which, the American Church must move for the fulfillment of its mission in America.

A Successor to Dr. Stokes

Ocean Grove, with its Camp-Meeting Association and various educational enterprises, is almost as well known throughout the country and the world as Chautauqua. What Bishop Vincent has done for the latter place Dr. Elwood H. Stokes did for the former. On the death of President Stokes the question as to who should take up his work was, of course, instantly raised; and at a meeting held at Ocean Grove on November 10 Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald was elected President of the Association. Bishop Fitzgerald resides at Ocean Grove, and has already expressed his willingness to accept the position to which he has been elected, provided the secular and religious work is divided and managed by separate heads. His duties as President will not interfere with his duties as Bishop. Bishop Fitzgerald was born in Newark in 1837, and a large part of his life has been spent in the Newark Conference. For seven years he was Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1892 he was elected one of its Bishops.

Changes among Unitarians

The Rev. George Batchelor, for many years Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, has resigned the office which he has so long and so honorably held, to become the editor of the "Christian Register," the organ of the Unitarian denomination. It is announced that the paper has secured an endowment of $50,000. The former editor, the Rev. S. J. Barrows, resigned on his election to Congress last spring. Mr. Batchelor will assume his duties as editor in December. The Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, of Brooklyn, has been elected to succeed Mr. Batchelor as Secretary of the Unitarian Association. Mr. Eliot is a son of President Eliot, of Harvard, and the successor in Brooklyn of such distinguished Unitarians as Dr. Farley and Dr. A. P. Putnam. He has made a large place for himself in the vicinity of New York, and if he accepts this position will leave in Brooklyn a place difficult to fill.

Congress of the Methodist Episcopal Church

So the Methodists as well as the Episcopalians are to have a Congress! It is to convene in Pittsburg, Pa., November 21–26. Its proceedings will receive attention in these columns. The Congress is composed of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church or of those affiliated with it. The authorities of the Church are in no way responsible for it. It will aim to bring out frank expression as to whether the Church can meet any more fully than it does the demands of our times. It will not discuss Church polity, but issues bearing upon the relation of the Church to the thought and life of the time as affected by current scientific and literary teachings. The call is signed by three Bishops, and by

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others prominent in the pulpit and in educational work. The list of speakers includes many of the most prominent in the denomination, and the subjects are of wide range and living interest.

The Methodist Missionary Society

The annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, began its sessions in the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, November 10. The Treasurer's report showed the cash receipts for the year ending October 31 to be $1,131,940.67, a decrease as compared with last year of $99,317.51. The total expenditures amounted to $1,130,169.11, leaving a balance of $1,771.56. This leaves the present net indebtedness of the Society $186,142.78. During the year $44,629.05 was received in special gifts. We believe that this includes the total gifts of the Methodist Church both for home and foreign missions.

A New Settlement in New York

Another has been added to the list of social settlements in New York City. It is to be called the "Gospel Settlement," and is under the direction of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird. Mrs. Bird has for many years been known as one of the most active Christian workers in Greater New York. She was first connected with Plymouth Church, then with the First Congregational Church in Montclair, and later with the Congregational church at Upper Montclair. A good many years ago Mr. Beecher said to the writer that he thought Mrs. Bird had done more good than any woman who had ever lived in the city of Brooklyn. For years the passion of her life has been to serve the poorest and the most depraved. For the last few years she has devoted herself especially to work among the lodging-houses. She has now decided on an advance, and has established a settlement to be conducted on the same general principles as the college settlements, and yet to be more distinctly evangelistic in its methods and aims. It will be undenominational. A large place will be given to religious and evangelistic services and to training for Christian work. A dedicatory praise service was held at the rooms, 211 Clinton Street, on last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Bird has a large circle of friends who have rejoiced in her unique ministry in the past, and who will watch with deep interest and sympathy her work in the future.

The Case of the Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D.

The result of the Chicago Council between the Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., and Bay Conference, held in Chicago October 26–29, is as follows:

> First. We find that the result of the San Francisco Council declares that the evidence before it did not sustain the charge of adultery.
>
> Second. We find that while Bay Conference in its action fell into some irregularities of procedure, we are still led, upon the whole, to justify said action of Bay Conference in suspending the Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., on the ground of charges seriously affecting his ministerial standing.
>
> But we hope and advise that, in view of the excellent ministerial service of the Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., and the suffering already endured by him, Bay Conference and the Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., together may find some way of securing relief, by council or otherwise, of the disabilities resting upon him by action of Bay Conference.

This result was reached after ten sessions occupying over thirty hours, and was unanimous. The Council called consisted of the following pastors, and a delegate from each church: The Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., Boston, chosen by mutual agreement; the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., Detroit; the Rev. D. F. Bradley, D.D., Grand Rapids; the Rev. Michael Burnham, D.D., St. Louis; the Rev. George H. Ide, D.D., Milwaukee; the Rev. George R. Merrill, D.D., Minneapolis, chosen by Bay Conference; the Rev. W. A. Waterman, D.D., Chicago; the Rev. J. B. Silcox, D.D., Chicago; the Rev. G. R. Wallace, Chicago; the Rev. P. Krohn, Chicago; the Rev. J. T. Blanchard, Aurora, Ill., chosen by Dr. Brown. The Rev. P. Krohn was not able, on account of illness, to attend after the first day, and was understood to be paired with the delegate from Minneapolis who could not come. The remaining twenty men were present throughout the sessions, and acted on the result. The Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., was Moderator. Bay Conference was represented in the Council by the Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., the Rev. George B. Hatch, and the Rev. Charles R. Brown. The Rev. J. A. Adams, of "The Advance," acted as counsel for Dr. C. O. Brown. This subject has been so long before the public that we forbear comment upon it. One point only we mention. The character of the representatives of the Bay Conference—especially that of Dr. McLean—makes the charge of prejudice against them one that few will entertain for a moment. Some way out of this difficulty ought to be found, but the result thus far reached seems to be so clearly a compromise that we

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doubt whether it will have any appreciable effect until still another Council has been called to pass on questions not settled by the Chicago Council.

A New Parliament of Religions

The October "Century" contains an open letter from the Abbé Victor Charbonnel advocating a new Parliament of Religions to be held in the year 1900 in connection with the Universal Exposition at Paris. The letter is worthy of the serious attention of all intelligent Christians. We make a few extracts from it. Its writer is a Roman Catholic, and he begins by calling attention to the approval which American Catholics gave to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. In the course of his letter he says: "Is it not the aim of religion to unite man with God and with his brethren? Religion is charity. Even though we may not be able to agree on questions of faith, may it not be possible to come to terms on charity?" Again, he says: "It would be much to give *this* lesson to Christians: that in order to love God it is not necessary to hate one's brother who does not love Him in just the way we do." Still again: "There is another very desirable utility—that of uniting the protest of every form of religious belief against materialism and agnosticism, against all forms of irreligion and unbelief, and thereby showing how contrary these things are to the fundamental ideas of mankind and its happiness." He then goes on to show the influence that such a gathering would have on the social conditions of our time, and insists that whatever would make more conspicuous the ideal in the lives of the poorer classes is an object earnestly to be sought. To the inquiry if such a gathering would mean the equal value of all religions, he replies, "No; all religions are not equally valuable; but all honest and sincere consciences are, and they have the right to demand the respect due their free convictions." He says, again: "The Parliament of Religions would accomplish what we would like to call the 'moral union of religions.' But there would be a compact of silence on all dogmatic peculiarities dividing men's minds, as also a compact of common action on those points uniting their hearts, by the uplifting and consoling virtue dwelling in all faith. It would be the end of sectarianism." The letter is a lofty and noble one, and does credit both to the intellect and spirit of its author. It has been republished by the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, which is using it in the interests of the very creditable cause in which it is engaged. We wish we could believe that the end of sectarianism is near, but it will take more than a Parliament of Religions to bring that desired end. Before that can be realized there must be a spiritual transformation that will require a longer time than will be occupied by any such gathering of the representatives of the world's religions.

"Love Your Neighbor and Respect His Beliefs"

We do not know exactly who are represented in the Ministers' Union which held its sessions at Ayer, Mass., during the week ending October 30, but we have been exceedingly interested in reports of its proceedings. It seems to embrace members of most if not quite all the denominations in a large district. The object of the meetings, evidently, is the promotion of denominational co-operation and fellowship. The chief address on the occasion to which we refer was delivered by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. He said that he believed that the churches of a town ought to take care of the whole of that town; that the ministers ought to meet at least often enough to know whether there is any locality which requires special attention, and then should co-operate in meeting the need of the locality in the most desirable way. He wished that the whole two thousand ministers of the State of Massachusetts might assemble at least once a year and look each other in the face, and say, "By the help of God we are going to work this field, and we are going to leave no corner of it out." Among his crisp sentiments were the following: "We can find out what the Lord Jesus Christ meant by bearing one another's burdens." "No man can go to heaven alone." "Love will do more than money." "It is better to have the spirit of the Good Samaritan diffused through a congregation than to have an immense amount of machinery." "Young women school-teachers are among the best home missionaries in the land." "In making calls as a minister, always introduce religion as a subject of conversation; or else lead up to it so closely that anybody who wants to talk about religion will be tempted to try." Other addresses of interest were also given, which we have not space to report. Such a Ministers' Union ought to be a reality in every community.

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Correspondence

Henry George's Views

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your editorial on Henry George contains a very common error in regard to the teachings of that great leader. I refer to the passage in which you represent him as believing that the "single tax" reform was "the only one needed to establish justice and equalize industrial conditions." On this point permit me to quote from Henry George's own words, in "Social Problems:"

"Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say that in the recognition of the equal and unalienable right of each human being to the natural elements from which life must be supported and wants satisfied, lies the solution of all social problems. I fully recognize the fact that even after we do this, much will remain to do. We might recognize the equal right to land, and yet tyranny and spoliation be continued. But, whatever else we do, so long as we fail to recognize this equal right to the elements of nature, nothing will avail to remedy that unnatural inequality in the distribution of wealth which is fraught with so much evil and danger."

This same idea is repeated in all Mr. George's books, thus showing the absurdity of representing him as affirming that free land, and free land alone, is the one remedy for all social ills.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York City.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am sorry to see an able and otherwise generous editorial on Henry George spoiled by the conventional generalities or criticisms so regularly unwound by his weaker critics, which, while admitting the justice of his premises, harp on the old string of "compensation."

If the Single Tax principle is *right*, that is enough. Right wrongs no one, and if it comes to a question of compensation, those who have been kept out of their rights for ages and their living representatives have a big item to their credit. The less said about compensation the better. Single-taxers are not revengeful or vindictive.

The advocates of the principles of Henry George do not want to wrong any one. We simply want to stop the leak on the producers' side of the barrel and make the sources of wealth equal to all men. It may seem a hardship to the superficial thinker to cut off the incomes of some of our wealthy citizens, but there can be nothing wrong in putting a stop to the taking of wealth to which such men have no moral right; and an equal chance with all men would still be left to them.

The Single Tax will leave to the producer the full product of his labor; it imposes no restrictions upon him by license or tariff, only requiring of him to pay into a common treasury what his location is worth in excess of a normal value, or value represented by *x*; or, in other words, as some spots on this earth have no value as a means of wealth-production, then much *has* such value, and is therefore more or less desirable; so that we would tax the *desirability*, not the extent; and while this would take away the speculative value from such desirable locations, the utility value would not be impaired; nobody would be wronged; it is only those who prefer and desire to live off the toil of others to whom the Single Tax is so abhorrent.

The blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church; the death of Henry George while in the thick of the fight will but hasten the day; he would not have it otherwise.

It is coming.

ARTHUR V. HARME.

Cadillac, Mich.

Good English

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In response to the opening question of the article of "H. J." in The Outlook of October 23, let me, for one, answer emphatically: No, our public-school system is not to blame for the prevalent lack of good English.

Teachers, as a whole, use good English, and expect their pupils to do likewise. Ordinary people, as a whole, use poor English, and allow their children to do likewise. If the teacher, by using, and requiring his pupils to use, good English six hours of the day five days in the week, cannot break a child from using the kind of English which he hears at least eight hours a day during those same five days of the week and fourteen hours

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each of the two remaining days, is he to be blamed for it?

"Theoretical grammar" is all right, and the boy or girl who knows it well has no excuse for not having a "correct and graceful habit of speech." "You may lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." In like manner you may teach children what kind of English they ought to use, but you cannot make them use it outside of the schoolroom.

Give the poor teachers a little more credit for their efforts to teach good English, and lay the blame where it belongs—namely, to the carelessness in speech of the vast majority of even so-called educated people.

S. W. R.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am sure you will appreciate a correction in your staff correspondent's report of "A World Temperance Meeting" in the November 6 issue. The correspondent states that an important speaker at the banquet was the Hon. George W. Foster, and that his speech was significant because he was a member of the old Conservative Ministry. The gentleman who spoke was the Hon. George W. Ross, the Minister of Education in the Ontario Legislature, and therefore having in charge the matter of temperance education in the schools.

F. M. PRATT.

Toronto, Canada.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Certain acquaintances of mine, versed in Latin and Greek, tell me that Homer's two great poems are the finest productions of the sort in the whole range of literature. I am not able to have an opinion of my own on this matter, but it seems incredible that, when the race did not have the advantage even of a written language, there should have been put forth by a wandering minstrel a piece of literature excelling any of the varied productions of the last four or five centuries. I want your answer to this: Has there ever been anything in the literature of any people either equaling or excelling Homer? If not, wherein does his superiority lie?

C. A. R.

Your friends have told you the truth. The Homeric poems are the best "of the sort" in the world. They are of the sort known as "epic," devoted to the exploits and adventures of heroes. Whether epic poetry is the highest kind of poetry or the noblest sort of literature is another question. But that the masterpieces of it are the Iliad and the Odyssey is the judgment of all competent literary critics, whether specialists in Greek or not. For simplicity, vividness, vigorous action, and fidelity to nature and life they have no equals. A little book, Jebb's "Homer," is worth reading on that point.

In November, 1896, Dr. Abbott preached a sermon in Plymouth Church in which he stated that the theory of government incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, that government rests upon the consent of the governed, is an exploded theory. This statement was excepted to by several newspapers throughout the country, and in The Outlook of December 12, 1896, a reply was made to these exceptions in an editorial article entitled "The Basis of Government." I have been much interested in reading this article lately, and your strikingly simple, clear statement that the true basis of government is to be found in laws already existing, laws of God's own nature, and that the business of government is simply to find out these laws and declare them. I write now to ask if you will not kindly give me a list of books on this subject that it will be well for me to read. I am a Southerner, and have always justified secession on the ground that government rests upon the consent of the governed. If I must give up this contention, I want to know all the reasons.

P. G. S.

For a discussion of fundamental principles see "The Philosophy of Thomas Hill Green," Chapter VI., on "Political Philosophy" (Macmillan, New York), and the elaborate work of D. G. Ritchie on "Natural Rights;" for opposing views see Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," Part III.

Be kind enough to suggest to a pastor the best collection of readings and prayers for family worship, which he can recommend to his congregation for the promotion of household worship, especially for the sake of such heads of households as shrink from audibly leading the family worship with prayers of their own composing.

G.

We are not prepared to speak of any as the best. Some who are fastidious in such matters are not fully satisfied with any that they have seen. Two that may be mentioned are the Rev. R. W. Clark's "The Church in Thy House" (Whittaker, New York, 50 cents), and Dr. Abbott's "Family Prayers;" and the same, with Scripture readings, entitled "For Family Worship" (both supplied by The Outlook Company at 50 cents and $1.25). The Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, with its "Forms of Prayer to be used in

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Families," and its numerous selections from Scripture, is also well suited for your purpose.

1. Kindly tell me if the Polychrome Bible is out of press yet, where it can be obtained, and the price, also the nature of it. 2. Have the members of the American Committee of Revision ever taken any step, now that the fourteen years are past in which they pledged themselves not to, to print their edition of the Revised Version?

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. At this writing its publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., have not issued it, but it is soon to appear. 2. The surviving members of the Committee are understood to be at work upon an edition in which the readings preferred by them will be transferred from the Appendix to the text. This is to be published in 1899, when the *fifteen* years from the date of the publication of the Revised Old Testament will be completed.

A recent query in this column as to the meaning of a difficult line in "In Memoriam," viz.,

> And over those ethereal eyes
> The bar of Michael Angelo,

is authoritatively answered by the poet himself. See the following sentence in the just-published life of Tennyson:

These lines I wrote from what Arthur Hallam said after reading of the prominent ridge of bone over the eyes of Michael Angelo: "Alfred, look over my eyes; surely I have the bar of Michael Angelo!" R. M. M.

For "D.," in The Outlook of October 9.—I asked an Episcopal clergyman if he would refuse baptism or confirmation (the latter admits to the Holy Communion) to a man who believed "in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord," and who wished to serve them, and he said No, although he should certainly try to make him believe in the other articles of the Creed. J. D.

This is in line with our statement of that date, that there is a large liberality to be found in the practice of churches organized upon creeds in the matter of admission to membership.

Kindly tell me where to obtain information concerning the origin and work of Professor Bertrand's Mission to Converted Priests in France, to which I have seen newspaper allusions. M. B. L.

We understand that Professor Bertrand's work is to some extent of a confidential nature, thus provoking less opposition. His address is "Professor L. J. Bertrand, 86 Boulevard Bineau, Neuilly-Seine, Paris." Probably a note to him might obtain fuller information than we can give in print.

Can you give me the exact language of the Golden Rule, when it began to be called "the Golden Rule," and why it was so called?

G. S. I.

For the exact language of the Christian form of the rule see Matthew vii., 12. Its pre-Christian form, the substance of which occurs among the Hebrews, Greeks, and Chinese, is negative: "What you would not to be done to you, do not to another." The epithet "golden" denotes its supreme worth. When it was first so called we do not know.

H. J. S.—We cannot use your manuscript. If you desire its return, you must send us your full post-office address.

Bits of Fun

The Sultan will get what he asks in Crete, as nobody opposes him except the six Great Powers. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A man sent this answer to a bookseller who sent in his account for a book some time before delivered: "I never ordered the book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."—*Town and Country Journal.*

"Mamma," said little Freddy, excitedly, "the ferryboat we were on almost ran into another ferryboat while crossing the river." "Did it?" asked mamma, anxiously. "Yes, indeed. I'm sure there would have been a collision if the other boat hadn't back-pedaled."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician, frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine-case."—*Puck.*

"It has come to my ears that you are calling me 'the governor,'" said the old man, sternly. "Are you?" "I might as well admit it," said the young man, contritely. "You ought," continued the old gentleman, "you ought to have more respect for your mother."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A clergyman, sorely tried by a dozing majority of his audience, stopped speaking. When they all awoke, he said: "My friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labor, and I do not think you have paid it the attention it deserves; I shall, therefore, go over it again." And he did.—*London Tit-Bits.*

A Chinese philosopher has been found in the kitchen of one of our Western college presidents, who makes this distinction between the Orient and the Occident: "In China the men boss the women; in America the women boss the men." "Do I 'boss' President Blank?" inquired Madame President. "No, you no boss him," rejoined the astute Chinaman, "but he do what you say."—*Exchange.*

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For the Little People

The Gull and the Codfish

By G. A. B.

The Codfish said to the Gull one day,
"Do tell me, Mrs. Gull, I pray,
How you contrive secure to sit,
With never an upset, never a bit
Of bother to float there right side up
Like a piece of cork in a coffee-cup?
Last night I repeatedly tried to do it;
And, alas! to-day I sorely rue it."
"But how," said the Gull, "if I may ask,
Did you go to work to perform the task?"
"Why, I waited till Lady Moon came out,
That I might be sure no Gulls were about;
I put out my head and lifted one fin,
And tried to assume the position you're in;
When I had a feeling so very queer—
A feeling I never have down here—
As if I should die the very next minute;
And my cranium seemed to have bumblebees
in it.
But you, Mrs. Gull, have so charming a way!
It's the finest performance, as I must say,
We Codfish have witnessed in many a day."

Then the Gull replied, with a click of her bill,
And pluming herself as all Gulls will,
"It's the easiest thing in the world to do;
And with us Gulls it's nothing new.
My mother did it, and her mother too,
Great-grandma, and other kin not a few.
But what do you think (for I must confess it,
Since sure I am you never could guess it)?
One night I attempted to swim like you,
As my other friends the Mackerel do;
But the trial it scared me through and through.
I was very much bored with flapping my wings
And paddling about after fishes and things;
So I aimed my bill and I made a dive!
Then I thought I should never come up alive!
For when I breathed under water there,
I inhaled more liquid than good fresh air.
Salt water *inside* I knew nothing about;
I thought I was being turned inside out;
Now, my dear neighbor Codfish, you may not
have heard
That I am a very reflective bird.
So recently, while I've been flying about,
I have tried very hard to think the thing out;
And here is the mystery all in a word,
So plain, after all, that it's simply absurd:
It's nothing but just knowing how, don't
you see!
Neither one of us two can climb up a tree;
Each one must just keep to his natural
whim—
I to my floating, and you to your swim.

Shady and His Friend

A friend of our Little People sends the following true story:

Shady is a sprawling, crooked-legged, two-year-old colt that apparently goes about looking for pitfalls and accidents—perhaps as a tonic, for she is really high-bred and it may be that her fast blood requires more excitement than the common stock. Anyway, she is always getting into all sorts of trouble. Once she tied herself up in a smooth wire fence so that she had to be released, and once she had colic so severely that even the "Doctor" would not go to see her, regarding her case as absolutely hopeless, though she pulled through by half-hourly applications of oats, not in the usual way, but put steaming hot in sacks tied around her body. Well, this curious colt, in crossing the same fence that once tied her up, got one of her hind feet fast in it, and my mule Jack undertook to release her, no one else being near by—the "Doctor" hadn't been notified this time. The man was some distance away in another field, though in sight of the gate aforesaid, and he finally, seeing there was something wrong, hurried to the spot, to find Jack trying hard to pull out the leg that was fast by grabbing it at the gambrel joint with his teeth, not once but several times. Mr. Guild with some difficulty drove him off and took the leg himself. The mule, being driven away from this hold, crossed the gate, and, taking a good long hold of the colt's neck, pulled like a sailor, until the man, thinking he might hurt the colt, drove him off again; then, not being able to extract the foot, he went for a hammer to open the fence. As soon as he went away old Jack went back and took a new hold of the colt's neck, making a strong pull for her freedom, but without success. After the foot was loosened the colt walked away limping a little from the strained knee, but bearing no marks of Jack's tender

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attention. Is not that a wonderful mule? He certainly ought to be in the circus.

A Lonely Duck

By Helen W. Banks

Stuffy was a very greedy little duck who belonged to Elizabeth. He had earned his name because he tried to eat his own breakfast and that of his brothers too.

But one sad night some one came in the dark and stole his brothers away. In the morning only Stuffy was to be found, quacking wildly about the garden in his search for Bob and Parson.

They could not be found, however, and poor Stuffy lived alone. He told his sorrow in such loud quacks that after some days he began to annoy the neighbors, and Mamma said something must be done.

So at last Stuffy traveled, in a comfortable box, off on the railroad train until he came to Grandfather's. There he found a whole flock of ducks to welcome him, and a fine pond in which he could swim.

But the poor duck had lived long enough alone to grow very bashful. He was not quite at home among his new friends. They were very kind to him, but he often left them to stray away by himself.

One day Grandfather was sitting on the veranda and saw Stuffy moping in the corner while the other ducks were diving and splashing in the pond. Presently one of the flock spied the lonely Stuffy. He stopped splashing, swam to the shore, and waddled across the grass to Stuffy. Very politely he took his visitor's beak in his own and urged him toward the pond. The mopy little duck yielded to the kind invitation, and soon was swimming with the merriest.

Such thoughtfulness seemed to conquer all of Stuffy's reserve. After that he became one of the flock. And now when the flock waddles across the grass to the pond, it is Stuffy who is at the head as leader.

He Went to School

He was a sturdy, happy-looking little boy, sitting astride a railing of a high-front stoop on one of the East Side avenues in New York. Next door was a window, with a sign in white letters on the glass. A boy, perhaps a year older, stood on the street, evidently testing the knowledge of the smaller boy.

"I don't believe you can spell it," he said.

"Yes, I can."

"Do it, then," commanded the larger boy.

"D-I-N-N-E-R, restaurant," announced the small boy, triumphantly.

The larger boy looked at him with the highest respect, and walked away.

Squirrel Town

By Alix Thorn

Where the oak-trees tall and stately
Stretch great branches to the sky,
Where the green leaves toss and flutter,
As the summer days go by,
Dwell a crowd of little people
Ever racing, up and down—
Bright eyes glancing, gray tails whisking—
This is known as Squirrel Town.

Bless me, what a rush and bustle,
As the happy hours speed by!
Chitter, chatter—chatter, chitter,
Underneath the azure sky.
Laughs the brook to hear the clamor;
Chirps the sparrow gay and brown;
"Welcome! Welcome, everybody!—
Jolly place, this Squirrel Town."

Honey-bees the fields are roaming;
Daisies nod, and lilies blow;
Soon Jack Frost—the saucy fellow!—
Hurrying, will come, I know.
Crimson leaves will light the woodland
And the nuts come pattering down;
Winter store they all must gather—
Busy place then, Squirrel Town.

Blowing, blustering, sweeps the north wind—
See! The snow is flying fast.
Hushed the brook, and hushed the sparrow,
For the summer-time is past.
Yet these merry little fellows
Do not fear old Winter's frown;
Snug in hollow trees they're hiding—
Quiet place is Squirrel Town.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Queer Farm

Doubtless you have heard of many kinds of farms, but a hare farm is something entirely new, and just why it should be called a farm is a question, for the hares live in the second story of a large wagon-house. This room is very large, and is divided into what we might call streets or avenues, with the hares' houses on each side. As the hares have all been born in this place, they seem quite as happy as though they were running about in the woods and through the grass. These hares are descended from a pair of Belgian hares, and resemble our wild rabbits, except that they are about twice as large.

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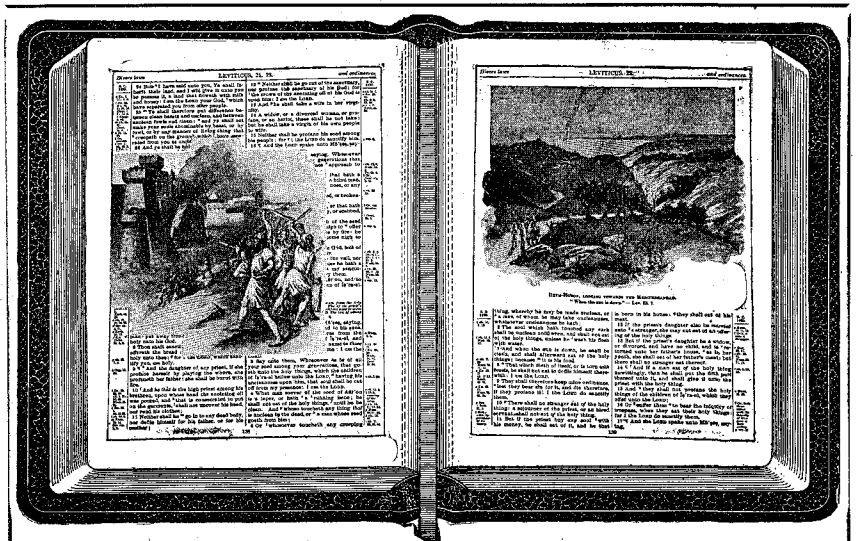

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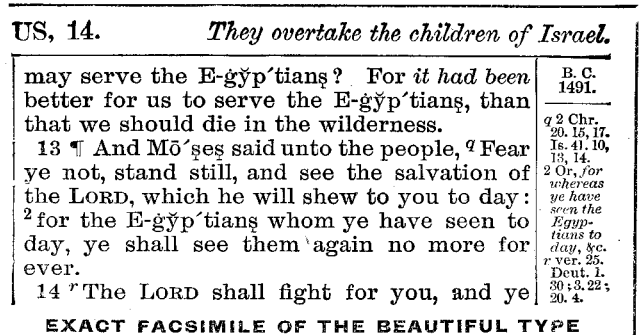

US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel.*

B. C. 1491.

may serve the E-ğўp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-ğўp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣes said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-ğўp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17. Is. 41. 10, 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22; 20. 4.

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A Great Editor's Opinion

The Ladies Home Journal
Philadelphia

Edited by Edward W. Bok

September 13, 1897

Why I like this illustrated edition of the Bible is because everything about it has been well done, and seems to have been done in the right spirit. The Book itself has been approached by the annotator with reverence and intelligence, and by its artists with sympathy and knowledge. It has not been made into a meaningless picture book. The pictures here serve a distinct purpose. They enrich the text, but they do more: they intelligently explain it, and many a hitherto obscure passage will assume to thousands a new meaning through these eye-teaching pictures. Popularizing the Bible is a risky experiment in the hands of many, but it has been made a splendid achievement in this case.

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SYNOPSIS.

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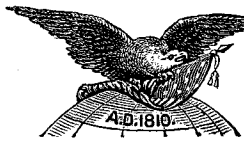

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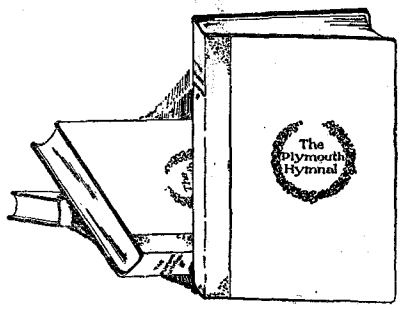

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